

THE
SCOURGE.

MARCH 1st, 1816.

THE
PALL-MALL APOLLO;
WITH
A PRELIMINARY POETICAL EPISTLE
FROM HIS GRACE, THE D— OF W—,
TO
H— R— H—, THE P— R—T.

“The King’s Ministers, and not I, *was* to answer.”

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the removal of the Apollo Belvidere from the Louvre took place, it was universally accredited in Paris, that this precious relic was intended to be forwarded, as a present to the P— R— of England. This report soon became prevalent in London, and, however its non-arrival in our capital may have tended to weaken such a supposition, it is nevertheless *pretty well understood*, that the delay only originates in this choice *morceau* of antiquity having been forwarded to Rome, (*as a matter of delicacy* !) from whence it is to be dispatched to G—t B—n, as a present from His Holiness the Pope, without being even taken from its packing case.—Nay, under the present political *legerdemain* system, this choice representation of *Latona’s Son* may, *even now perhaps*, be snugly consigned to one of our out-ports, and after a sufficient lapse of

time for having effected a jaunt to Italy, and back again, it will be forthwith paragraphed in all the diurnal prints, as

[“Yesterday arrived, in his Majesty’s transport *Plunderer*, the renowned APOLLO OF BELVIDERE, as a token of the fatherly veneration of the *Papal See*, for the immaculately transcendant, and incomprehensibly sublime virtues of a Princely Defender of the Protestant Faith, &c. &c. &c.]

Being one of those staunch adherents of Royalty, (and it is with pride I own it) who would much rather COMMIT VICES, WITH PRINCES, THAN ACT VIRTUOUSLY, WITH COMMON MEN; it may be very naturally conceived that, acquainted as I am with the transcendant taste of a certain exalted personage, I dwelt enthusiastically upon the idea of the arrival of APOLLO in England, and the astonishing effect it must produce upon princely intellectuality.

Actuated by such exuberance of feeling, I sought my couch of repose, when after repeatedly calling upon Morpheus, who was himself too sound asleep to hear me; after twisting and turning from side to side in restless agony, and thumping my inoffensive pillow, I at length *dissolved* into a species of prophetic trance, the which, upon being restored to reason, I found so fully impressed upon my brain, as to be enabled to commit the same to paper, comprising the following pages, which contain every circumstance delineated throughout the vision in question.

I shall close this laconic introduction by stating a rumour, which was currently circulated in Paris, whereby it was understood that the LAOCOON had been taken into the holy keeping of the D—— of W——, whose intention, it is said, is to place this vestige of antiquity as an *ornament* to the garden of the *new mansion*, voted as a recompence for his military and —— acquirements.

PRELIMINARY EPISTLE

From His G—— the (a) D—— of W——,

TO

His R—— H—— the P—— R——.

“ To your H—— the R——t, this letter goes (b) *hopping*,
“ That in striving to please, you shall ne’er find *I* stopping,
“ And, in proof of the fact that *I* *beats* others hollow,
“ Is my having by force got the famous *Apollo*,
“ Which soon to the sight of my P—— shall be clear,
“ When you *sees* that fine *statute*, surnamed *Belvidere*.” (c)

“ As *I* *knows*, like myself, that my P—— a great blade is,
“ *At* admiring the beauties of *old* and *fat* ladies ;
“ I thought, though she’s *slim*, ’twould make no harm between us
“ To send at the same time a bronze of the *Venus* : (d)
“ For, though modest dame to us both a great vice is,
“ *I* *knows* you’ll not hate her so prais’d, of *Medicis*.”

(a) I have most humbly to ask pardon of his G—, for not recapitulating the whole string of his p—ly and other titles. One, however, I shall beg leave to annex, which has long been unanimously conferred upon him by the French nation, I mean that of *Prince L’Emballe*, supposed to derive its origin from the verb *emballer*, which rendered into English produces the striking title of *Prince Pack-up*.

(b) Although orthography has certainly nothing to do with military tactics, it nevertheless forms a component part in the vocabulary of a gentleman. The erudite epistles of *Mrs. Slip-slop*, or the epistolary correspondence of *Mary Jones*, in *Humphry Clinker*, are complete standards of excellence in their way. But as beings of this description are not to be *marshalled* forth on this bright page, we must direct our artillery at mighty men. Not that I will venture to quote *Cæsar* as a comparison, since he could write commentaries, whereas some generals cannot comment at all. As a convincing proof, however, that all living warriors are not to be branded with such a stigma, let the above *Epistle* stand upon record.

(c) It is confidently reported, that when P—— T-LL-YR-ND complained to his majesty LOUIS XVIII. respecting the pillage of the statues, and noticed in particular the taking of the *Apollo Belvidere*, by L--d W——, his majesty made answer : “ *I have expostulated, but in vain ; England will possess one fine statue more, and one great man less.*”

(d) Considerable praise is due to our hero for having given a helpmate to the *Apollo*, a mode of action perfectly in unison

" Now betwixt (e) *I* and you, my great *P*——! to speak truly,
 " In thus striving to please, the Parisian folk duly
 " Have judg'd my late conduct, (which once was so civil)
 " As now well deserving hell, flames, and the devil!
 " Nay; I've officers too, who ashamed of my dealing,
 " Swear aloud, that the cloth is degraded by (f) *st-l-ng*."

" As for pictures, like others, I comes in for snacks,
 " I'd some soldiers for porters—some (g) officer hacks;
 " And the reason I gave, which your *H--n-ss* can swear to,
 " Was the wish of brave *O--ng-'s P*—, (h) and I dare do

with his own ideas, as it is reported of his *G*—, that he is never at loss on the score of feminine charms, as he uniformly exclaims with the song:

" Syrens in every port I find."

(e) There is an old adage which says "*Set a beggar on horseback, &c.*" Now the above very forcibly reminds us of the "*Ego et Rex*" of Cardinal WOLSEY, who we know was nothing but a butcher's son; whereas others no less arrogant pursue the trade of *butchering*.

(f) I should disgrace the British army, did I conceive that any officer, possessing liberal sentiments, could think otherwise than as above; nay I will venture to affirm, that there is not a gentleman of refined education and enlightened mind, who has not conceived his military fame tarnished by actions which have come under his cognizance. As to those miserable panders, who, to ensure an approving smile, or cherish the hope of promotion, would so far forget themselves, as to become the willing tools of individual and national degradation, be their titles what they may, they are but men of straw, and all the glory attachable to their names may be thus summed up, in the words of *Falstaff*. "*Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.*"

(g) I was most credibly informed by a gentleman just returned from *Paris*, that he was present at the *Louvre*, during the removal of several of the pictures, and that he literally saw some subaltern British officers voluntarily mount the ladders, in order to assist in taking down the paintings.

(h) If the King of Holland laid claim to his pictures, wherefore did not his own troops convey them from the gallery, instead of subjecting the British soldiery to perform such an odious employment? Surely there were Belgians enough to have achieved the task; yet the English stood sentry, the English were the porters; in fine the British were made every thing that could be, to render them obnoxious to the population of *Paris*. Actions of this nature, however, did not fail to draw

"To please heads of nations, whatever their wish is ;

"For potentates all *loves* the *loaves* and the *fishes*." (i)

"Since I *likes* to be stirring :—for soldiers should work ;

"I unharness'd the horses of PHIDIAS—like Turk,

"At the dead hour of (k) night 'gan this martial career,

"When the great Captain Cl-rk (l) hopp'd in front and in rear ;

"And that no man can *spy* things more *shrewder* than he

"Is a fact, as my P— must with I well agree."

down the most marked contempt from individuals of the highest rank in the French capital, of which I shall content myself by annexing two examples. H— G— of W—— being present at the route of a marchioness, by whom he had been received in the most flattering manner, when we were last year in possession of Paris, the lady in question advancing towards him with well feigned astonishment, regarded him for a few seconds from head to foot, and then uttered the following exclamations : " Good Heavens ! how altered ! I could not have thought it possible !—twelve months to produce such a transformation ! " had not your G— been announced, I really should not have " recognized you ! " Our hero, on entering the drawing-room of the D—ss of D—r—s, was saluted with a dead silence, while in whatsoever direction he turned, a *back* saluted his view, and thus awkwardly situated, he retired to a window, in order to screen his agitation, and was in the act of drawing back the muslin drapery, when the Duchess stepping up, remarked : " You need not remove that curtain, my lord :—I assure you " *there are no pictures behind it.* "

(i) Let us no longer talk of the inordinate ambition of NAPOLEON. It will be sufficient for any dispassionate mind to consult the operations of the several crowned heads of Europe, during the congress of Vienna and Paris, in order to prove that they are governed by no generous principle whatsoever—the only impetus having been centered in *self*.—These potentates carved up kingdoms, as the father of a family does his Christmas-cake, with this difference, that the latter purchases his right of action, whereas the arm of rapine is the former's only plea, while they equally draw lots for the crowns and sceptres of their quondam brothers, in order to dispose of them to their kindred, if not subjoin them to their own unwieldy paraphernalia.

(k) This dirty work was commenced, at *midnight*, and performed according to custom by British troops, in order, as is supposed, to curry favor with the Emperor of Austria, who, literally ashamed of the scene that was to be transacted, took himself off to *Melun*, where he continued for a week, until the Bronze Horses had disappeared from the Carousel.

(l) Whether the individual above alluded to has but one

“ Now these palfreys, methought, it was hard, by St. *Denis*,
 “ Should again be restored to the city of *Venice* ;
 “ But the great *Don* of *A-str—a* must needs have it so ;
 “ Thus instead of to London !—to *Venice* they go !
 “ And while *Fr-nc-s* left *Paris*, ashamed of the pelf,
 “ I with pleasure performed *dirty* work, Sir ! *myself*.”

“ But why should I snivel, while pleasing my master ?
 “ The smiles of a Prince are dishonor’s best plaster !
 “ ’Tis true, that I *heeds* of poor wretches the babble,
 “ For I *burst*ed with spleen, when late hooted by rabble ;
 “ In box of the *K—g*, which foot I did set in ;
 “ So I got faster out, *than before* I did get in.” (m)

“ Thus you *sees* what I *suffers*, by doing *them* things,
 “ Yet my pains *turns* to pleasures, in serving such kings ;
 “ Besides, to my army I’ve *writ* a long letter, (n)
 “ To prove I did right, and no man e’er *writ* better ;

leg or not, I will not take upon myself to decide. But of this I am well convinced, that no being on earth could have been selected more appropriate for the above employment. His fondness for ducal greatness, his fawning obsequiousness, his thirst of promotion and lucre, all combine to fit him for any time-serving occupation. And it must be added, that a *Marshall’s* smile beams always brightly on him. The gentleman, before alluded to, as having witnessed passing occurrences, further declared to me, that upon the day when the horses were lowered from the triumphal arch, he actually saw a British officer bestride the back of one of the bronze palfreys, like a school-boy, while other officers took their station in the car, conceiving no doubt that they were in every respect framed to act the part of trumpeters, in order to clarion forth the glorious exploit.

(m) My informant was present, and declares, that he never witnessed more marked popular disgust than was displayed by the Parisian audience, upon this occasion. It was afterwards rumoured, but we suppose by way of a joke, that his G— was so stung to the quick, that he literally presented himself before Lord C—STL—H, with tears in his eyes, to complain of the cruel usage to which he had been subjected. Since writing the above, I have seen a printed card, which was handed about Paris ; it is worded as follows. “ *Reputation perdue depuis Gand jusqu’à Paris, recompense à celui, qui la rapportera*”—*S’adresser à Lord W—*

(n) This epistolary relic was at first consigned, for the peru-

"For language so pure, and so perfect in grammar,

"I knocks down a *Junius*, with classical hammer !

"Having prov'd that in acting the — I've no shyness,

"I now *thinks* it fit to take leave of your *H—hn—ss*,

"Convinc'd that if *Y—κ*, your illustrious *B—r*, (o)

"By jealousy urg'd, should my fame seek to smother,

"That in you, for these deeds, I shall find covert *R—l*,

"In assurance of which, I am yours, true and loyal,

"W———."

P. S—"I nearly forgot to point out, why my actions

"Do not on decorum make any infractions ;

"The reason is this, by a secret convention,

"Wherein of the *M—ée* is made special mention,

"To myself *is* resign'd all the fine toys of *France*, Sir !

"So king's Ministers here, and not *I*, WAS to answer." (p)

THE PALL MALL APOLLO.

CANTO I.

On receipt of this scrip, which the P— looked quite gay on,
Was summon'd forthwith the Grand Marshal, M'M—N ;
When, after deep thinking and confabulation,
As to where these choice statues, should both hold a station,
Their classical judgments thought fit to install
These wonders of *Greece*, in the grand *Chinese Hall* !

sal of a certain higher class of officers in the British army, whose honorable scruples, however, were by no means appeased by the miserable attempt at argument, which the production contained. Indeed so flagrant were the incongruities dispersed throughout this composition, that every rational mind rejected the statements, *in toto* ; for, to use an old saying, it was obvious that "*the more the matter was stirred,*" &c.

(o) There was a report at one period, that much jealousy existed between the D— of Y— and his G—e, owing to the unbounded honors conferred upon the latter. Yet although it is well known, that certain *leaves of absence*, granted from the H— G—ds, were not complied with by his G—, nevertheless, as matters remain quiet, we may conjecture that the Greeks and Trojans are reconciled.

(p) This letter, mentioned in the last note but one, excited much conversation ; but it must be understood that not one in five hundred who has perused it, saw the composition, *as originally printed*, which underwent revision, though Heaven knows ! in its *most finished state*, a school-boy of ten

The P—, all anxiety, eyes both the cases,
Of each sex containing the beauties and graces ;
Which open'd ere long, for his *H—n—s's* inspection,
Gave instantly scope for a field of reflection ;
The tenor of which, to instruct all the world,
In my couplets sublime shall anon be unfurl'd.

As the eye is true index, 'tis said, of the mind ;
And as Princes in all things are doubly refin'd ;
No wonder the R—T gleam'd symptoms sedate,
Of the sage cogitations, which addled his pate ;
Lucubrations, which led COLONEL M—c to enquire,
Whence proceeded those looks, fraught with rhapsody's fire ?

“ Well beloved of my heart, dearest drudge, Colonel M—ck-y,
“ My P—y P—se-bearer ; in all things my lacquey ;
“ A thought, most portentous, in brain I now coddle,
“ A thought, well deserving a right R—L noddle ;
“ But of this be the judge, when the subject you hear,
“ Which I trust, will to you, as myself be found clear.

“ No sooner mine eyes, which you know are correct,
“ Examin'd th' *Apollo* ; when I 'gan to reflect,
“ That the contour, than which nought on earth is more fine,
“ Though in some respects *smaller*, is *vastly like mine* ;
“ Mark the air of the head, M—c, and then look at me,
“ And you'll own the resemblance is just, to a T.

The Colonel examined, with judgment quite mellow,
And found 'em, as like as one egg's to its fellow :
“ See curve of the neck, and the fall of the shoulder,
“ Breast, back, and the haunches ; methinks, mine are *bolder* ;
“ And to any soul living, possess'd of two eyes,
“ T'would seem, that *Apollo* had lent me his thighs.

years old, might blush to own himself the enditer. With regard to the above line, with the transposition of a single word only, the reader has, *verbatim et literatim*, the precise original of its author. I cannot terminate the present note, without remarking, that I have been several times informed that such ungrammatical composition was by no means singular with his G—, and that, if I would take the trouble of perusing his numerous dispatches, I should find them replete with the most egregious errors.

“ As for calf of the leg, not forgetting my (q) ancle,
 “ Not the statue itself e’er can make my heart rankle;
 “ For the leg and the foot, M—c, between you and me,
 “ Are less perfectly form’d, than your master’s you see.
 “ Ev’ry word,” cries the *Colonel*— “ a truth stands enroll’d,
 “ For your H—N—s’s opinion is good, as *old gold*.”

“ By G-d ! M—c, vile scribblers may call you my spaniel,
 “ Thou art, as says *Shylock* in play, my sage *Daniel* :
 “ Thine opinion, I know, is not flattery-cramm’d.”
 M—c solemn averr’d ! “ Ere I’d lie, I’d be d—mn’d !” (r)
 So the P—— shook his fist, and well pleas’d strok’d his jowl,
 “ Thou’rt my cherub, my mentor, life, body, and soul !”

Such converse pathetic some silence created ;
 A bladder, once fill’d, can no more be inflated ;
 The sweet page of flattery is ne’er too much thumb’d,
 And the R——t was happy, to know himself humm’d ;
 For M—c, the *court-stager*, long vers’d in the shop,
 Knew well how to sweeten for *Cerberus* a sop.

“ Dear friend,” cries the P——e, “ on a plan I have hit,
 “ To prove all we’ve said, true as staunch, holy writ ;
 “ Thyself shalt be judge, as provided with measures,
 “ In *cuerpo* thou see’st all thy master’s rare treasures ;
 “ Myself with *Apollo*, thou close may’st compare,
 “ Should symmetry answer—deny then, who dare.”

Now the swiftest of lacqueys from C——N H——E ran
 To the P——ce’s own snip, the *ninth-part of a man* ;
 And from thence, like an an arrow, again homeward trips,
 With a bundle provided of parchment’s clean slips,

(q) Every reader, who has any remembrance of the *slimmer* days of the *lusty young gentleman*, must call to mind the pride which he was wont to take in setting off his foot and ancle, particularly in the ball-room, where, without compliment, it must be admitted he outrivalled every competitor.

(r) How truly pathetic this exclamation !—what inimitable force, and amiable sincerity !—O Princes ; Princes of this Earth ! had ye but such honest fellows about ye ; such sticklers for veracity, then were yourselves blessed, and your subjects happy : *Ere I’d lie, I’d be d—n’d*.” Bravo ! Bravissimo !!!

Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.

Which to M—c were delivered, in due pudding time,
For the P——E stood stark naked—APOLLO SUBLIME !

With measures provided, M—c join'd his employer,
True friend of delusion, and judgment's destroyer;
Of the limbs of *Apollo* then takes just dimension,
But while busied on P——, he gives measure extension ;
Thus making the R——T appear to a nick,
Apollo's own form, void of art, or of trick.

But, alas ! when the loins of the statue he tried,
And his master had measur'd, and found him so wide,
That no slip of parchment would reach half around him,
He internally cried—" Damn *Apollo* ! confound him !" .
So, to 'scape from this hobble, he press'd loins a little,
When, blinded with pleasure—the P— cried "*don't tittle !*" (s)

" O we're right, by the Lord !" cried the Colonel, elated ;
Says the P—— ; " I'm the living *Apollo* created !" .
" Yet soft," hems the Colonel, with hand clapp'd on napper,
" Your whiskers and wig are too frizzled and dapper :"
" Pshaw, no matter," quoth G—GE, " I ne'er heed 'm a fig,
" I've an artist shall furnish *Apollo's* own wig."

So the friseur straight sent for, the statue survey'd,
In a manner becoming his *wig-weaving* trade ;
The color he ask'd of the God's tresses flowing,
" 'Tis flax," cried the P——, " with a golden hue glowing ;"
" I have it, your H——ss ! first friseur you'll class me,
" When I swear that *Apollo's* own scalp shan't surpass me."

These statues renown'd, on their pedestals rais'd,
By spawn of the court were incontinent prais'd ;
But my circumscrib'd labor, not form'd to digress
Upon ev'ry admirer, my theme I'll compress,

(s) Here is in truth an exquisite touch of pathos !—this is indeed "*tittling with a feather.*" The Greeks and Romans were fools to it ; for who can read and not imagine, that his optics are greeted with a huge personage, under the influence of titilation ? Methinks, I behold the Colonel's fingers just under the lower rib, buried in a region of fat, while the closed peepers of *Apollo*, in conjunction with his full-orbed visage, delineate Momus, in his most exhilarated moments.

If this be not poetry, then am I "*a shotten herring.*"

And opinions hand down of some few, worthy noting,
Since judgment of *great folk* is always worth quoting.

The Q——N thought *Apollo* quite beggar'd belief,
And only complain'd of the lack of *fig-leaf*;
Her daughters, sweet souls! gaz'd with eyes of *Diana*,
Each feeling in mouth rush a moisture, like manna, (t)
Which C——TTE soon check'd, as her brood heard her say,
“Fie, daughter ELIZA! come hither, I pray.”

D—— C——— D enter'd, with wife on his arm,
O'er whose feelings *Apollo* possess'd magic charm;
He slight gaz'd in front, while surrounders kept track wide,
Then with eye-glass well cock'd wheel'd from front to the backside
When applauding the *contour*, in praises he launches
On the form of the *back*, and rare turn of the *haunches*.

On beholding *Apollo*, quoth Y——TH, with sneer,
“Vaunting this for a man, seems confoundedly queer;
“Five to one wou'd I bet, 'gainst whoever is found,
“That oppos'd to a CRIB, he'd be dish'd the third round;
“Then turning, he cried, while the *Venus* exploring,
“POLL RAFFLE's, by G—d! ten times worth the adoring.”(u)

APOLLO his lordship, the bluff E——N——GH,
Unheeded past by, to behold *Venus* thorough;
“'Tis a wench!” cried the J—CE of B——NCO, “whose spell,
“If alive, might condemn a *Chief Justice* to hell; (v)

(t) This is a sensation perfectly well known to young ladies in general, who are not quite such adults as the waning spinsters, referred to in the above stanza. I cannot refrain from adding, that it is much to be regretted, that any rank or station in life should condemn unfortunate females to a state of celibacy, not less subversive of the laws of nature, than repugnant to the feelings of humanity.

(u) If the poet hath not above delineated his man, there is no energy in versification; he has very appropriately made his lordship draw comparisons from personages, after his own heart—a CRIB and POLL RAFFLE being associates fitted for his known pursuits.

————— Breathe infect breath,
That their society, as their friendships, may
Be merely poison.

(v) We may naturally conjecture, by way of heightening the

While his brother-in-law—Conscience-keeper of kings,
Cried with snivelling cant “Why show such naughty things?”

Here end we the strictures of big-wig beholders;
The Bard needs relief, since a *Court's* on his shoulders;
To the R—T 'tis fitting I now tune my verse,
Not, like DRYDEN, a mere pimping feast to rehearse,
For judge, gentle reader, how vast are the odds,
'Twixt a banquet of mortals, and feast of the *Gods*!

As extremes of all kinds are Mortality's bane,
Whether springing from excess of pleasure or pain;
There's no wonder his H——ss, o'ercome with delight,
In possessing this statue could not sleep at night:
The fact is, he warm'd then his prime p——ly clod,
With thoughts of achievement, would make him a god.

“If the great Grecian youth, thrice renown'd ALEXANDER,
“ (Who in war rag'd as fierce as red-hot salamander,)
“ Could assume to himself, without least thought of gammon,
“ The deification of *Jupiter Ammon*;
“ Then why shou'd not I, such example now follow,
“ When there seems not a doubt, I'm the great God APOLLO.”

So strong the effect is of thought, that we see
Some folks at length credit—what is not—to *be*.
And this fever of godhead at length rag'd so high,
That the R—T believ'd himself born in the sky,
Which opinion in manner most solemn was giv'n,
To M—c, who first pausing—then stamp'd him of Heav'n.

His H——ss straight tend'ring his hand, Colonel M—c
Respectful receiv'd it—quite *up to the tack*—
When the P—— with a simper, which 'longs but to him,
Of all G——GE's race, most immaculate limb!
Enquir'd, did the Colonel not feel then a beam
Of heat, quite celestial, o'er all his frame gleam? (*w*)

scene, that his l——, according to custom, had his right hand thrust in his short cloths, being there employed—after the customary manner.

(*w*) What a delightful method of ascertaining the existence of the godhead! Nothing but a R—L brain could have begotten such a chaste idea. It was the very touchstone for ma-

Sly M—c, well aware of the part he must play,
With well mimick'd fear, drew his hand swift away,
Exclaiming " Good Lord ! my presumption's too bold,
" How could I one moment that hand dare to hold ?
" Yes, truly, I felt gleams as hot as could be,
" 'Tis well I was not serv'd, as erst (x) SEMELE !"

The P——, hearing this, op'd his eyes wond'rous wide,
And rear'd on his toes, stood the beacon of pride !
Exclaiming " I'm not sprung from mere loins terrestrial,
" My birth and my parentage both are celestial !
" So Mount Ida is mine, I now swear, by Pomona,
" Since PAPA is great JOVE ! and MAMMA Miss LATONA !"

Things brought to this pitch, after some consultation,
M—c said, " As affairs are in prime situation,
As a being terrestrial, at once to strike docket,
'Twere best ask great C—G—VE, fam'd maker of rocket !
Might not a fusee, like glory's self, *firing*,
Encircle brow-royal, and grace his *attiring* ?"

The thought gave delight, an idea wond'rous fecund,
Enchanting the wits of *Apollo the Second*.
The fire-worker came, and to statements attended,
Swore his best he wou'd do, and the converse thus ended.
When to prove his dispatch, C—G—VE came the night after,
His invention to try, which must not raise your laughter.

Clad in wig as of old, the terrestrial vile cut,
Round the brows of the R——t the fusee was put ;
For, though *Maitre Friseur* had been strongly intreated,
To bring home *Apollo's*—it was not completed :
So, as this was intended for nought but a trial,
His H——ss, though glumpy, put up with denial.

teriality to judge by, and the obedient Colonel haply caught the electric spark.

(x) Had this classical idea of M—c's been realized, it is by no means necessary to enquire, *which part* of him would have been first in a blaze, as the Colonel's nose, though small, rises like the unextinguished flame of a worn-out crater, consequently *there* would have begun the mighty conflagration, to Earth consigning

" All of *littlenes*, that's here below !"

M' M——, instructed by C—G—VE, took match,
 For no hand save his, was to make fusee catch;
 Now touch'd the combustible—off went the glory,
 When lo, comes disaster, attending my story,
 As splendour increas'd, so the fire-working rays
 Shower'd sparks on bush-wig, and set whiskers in blaze.

Apollo sprung up—fire's a hellish provoker,
 As all men must know, who have felt red-hot poker:
 He ran and he roar'd, while his friends in amaze,
 Beheld hairy meteors, all three, in a blaze,
 I mean the two whiskers, and turretted wig,
 Had scull not been dense, life was not worth a fig.

In this danger, which menac'd LATONA's fair son,
 Mercy on us! what was there, good friends, to be done?
 M—c flew to the bed room, to stop fire and slaughter;
 All the pitchers were empty;—no *hard* nor *soft* water;
 Thus, as *dernier resort*, seeing god in such trim,
 He seized a huge (y) *looking glass*, full to the brim.

Each moment was precious—APOLLO, all blazing,
 A figure presented—terrific!—amazing!—
 'Twas like firing of famous St. Pauls' the grand dome,
 Big at once with the fate of stern CATO and ROME!
 M—c came;—mounted table;—on tiptoe then stood,
 And deluged his god, in the thick, briny flood.(z)

Here drop we the curtain—suffice it to add,
 The fire was extinguish'd; APOLLO unclad;

(y) When we contemplate the diminutive stature of the Colonel, and find mention made of a *huge looking-glass*, we must forthwith transform our P——y P——e into an Ajax, or a Tancred, wielding masses ten times more ponderous than themselves. This is what I call being truly figurative; for certainly M——c (when talking of the heroics) could never be represented more appropriately, than as the supporter of such a *necessary water utensil*.

(z) We will not hazard an enquiry, as to the —— ingredients of which this liquid was composed, which seems to have partaken somewhat of opacity. At all events, it should appear, from the contents of the ensuing stanza, that peculiarly pungent ablutions were immediately resorted to, from which it should seem, that the looking-glass contained any thing but —— *the perfumes of Arabia*.

In a bath of warm vinegar plunged amain,
For reasons, decorum would blush to explain :
And the God, from that moment, felt so much affright,
That he bade to his GLORY, for ever “ *good night !* ” (a)

CANTO II.

Celestials, like mortals, are subject to losses :
The *Thund'rer* himself has his plagues and his crosses !
So let not the fate of a *Glory*, thus drench'd,
Make my reader imagine our R—G—T's fame quench'd..
No, no, dull experience ne'er tutors such hero,
Than *nothing* ;—he'd rather be—*first fiddle*, NERO !

Thanks to fate, with a pen, I must say somewhat magic,
I've ended a tale so portentous and tragic ;
To the last scene I'll pass now of deification,
And prove, that APOLLO exists in our nation.
Yet, ere I proceed, the god's wig, I should tell,
Was sent home ! was admir'd ! and—when tried—fitted well ! (b)

Our P— the next day, half forgot tale of woe,
For at night he drank freely belov'd *Curaço* ;
And although *Glory's* radiance determin'd to shun,
He thought SOL might live, though his lustre was done.
With some folk, 'tis pleasing to tamper with *dreams*,
But the SUN lacketh lustre, when *shorn of his beams* !

“ I'm a god, gentle M-c ! on that head we're agreed,
“ And APOLLO should show himself such, by a deed ;

(a) One would have imagined, that the explosion of a single rocket was too insignificant an event, to extinguish glory. But, when we take it into consideration, by what a fragile tenure circumstances of the most momentous nature are frequently held, by the slaves of sensual appetite, we ought little to feel surprized at the farewell-taking, in the above stanza.

(b) This verse may perhaps rank among the most forcible and happy points, in this *most* extraordinary poem, as it contains, in one line, four sources of information, viz. 1st, the wig was sent home ; 2d, it commanded admiration ; 3d, was tried ; 4th, was found to fit *à merveille* !!! Now, if any rhyming brother can offer a syllable, in opposition to the superlative excellence of this line, let him either produce its equal, or go hang himself in his own garters. Let us no longer hear of *Caesar's*

“ Veni ! vidi ! vici ! ”

“ I’ve a plan in my head ; I’ll *Olympus* create,
 “ And give to my Myrmidons all a grand *fete*,
 “ Who shall visit *APOLLO*, array’d in such dresses,
 “ As befit my relations, the gods and goddesses !”

The order once issu’d, in C—N H—E HALL,
 Quite lofty was hung, from each angle of wall,
 A quilt eiderdown, of the bright azure hue,
 Bestudded with stars, and the zodiac too ;
 “ Upon which “ (said the god)” we will lollop at ease ;
 “ Eat and drink ;—nay, in short, M-c, do just what we (c) please.

A rivulet, well stock’d with gold fish a hoard,
 Was once deem’d sufficient to grace P—LY board ;
 But now—an *Immortal* !—he scorns such mean notion,
 So nothing will answer, but *Neptune’s wide ocean* !
 Which beneath starry eiderdown fill’d the hall floor,
 In huge casing of lead, five feet deep, if not more.

The quilt thus constructed, the guests all to bear,
 Swang backwards and forward, as if pois’d in air ;
 While in centre was station’d the gilt table round,
 The whole twenty feet ’bove the liquid on ground ;
 As for seats, great *APOLLO* the vile thought derides,
 Since the gods always eat, *stretched at length, on their sides*.

But to dwell on the wonders, and cost of this show,
 Is more than I wish *JOHN BULL*—readers should know ;
 Wherefore leaving the artizan, all working hard,
 I must now introduce, as a truth-speaking bard,
 That fair, who was said to eclipse the bright fame
 Of the *MEDICIS VENUS*, now(d) *injur’d*, poor dame !

One morn, as our mighty *APOLLO* reclining,
 To M-c was the grace of his statue defining ;
 While picking his teeth—he his eyes turn’d askance,
 And on form of the *Venus* directed his glance ;

(c) Here’s latitude, with a vengeance ! No doubt the premises were acted upon ; but, with regard to the *extent*, I leave my reader’s fancy to fill up the vacuum.

(d) It is with melancholy feelings I have to relate, that my before mentioned informant gave me to understand, that by the unskilful removal of this *ne plus ultra* of the art, the statue has experienced most serious injury ; a circumstance, which will ever be deplored by the lovers of genuine taste and classical refinement.

Which having examin'd, from heel to the head,
He thus to the *Colonel* incontinent said :

“ I'm a good judge of beauty, and so, M—c, art thou ;
“ Yet for all that, I cannot one moment allow,
“ That the *Hertfordshire breed* is one tittle surpass'd,
“ By this bronze, from the statue of *Medici* cast.
Quoth M—c, sneering archly, “ If measur'd, I'd swear,
“ The *Grecian* with dames of our isle shan't compare.”

As I love to be decent, 'tis here quite enough,
To explain that a *Venus* of Britain, in *buff*,
Was measur'd, in order to please great APOLLO,
By P—ss of S—LM, and straight found to beat hollo
The *Medici* beauty, which point soon I'll settle,
For the fair one of England—weigh'd *ten times her metal*.

But now dawn'd the day, when as deities array'd,
The nobles all flocked to the grand masquerade ;
Each having before-hand the part pointed out,
It behov'd him to act, at the C——N H——E rout.
So conceive them at table, all swinging aloft,
Reclining and stuffing on eiderdown soft.

No wonder APOLLO shone forth the *first fiddle*,
His godship sufficing to solve such a riddle ;
Besides, being there of grand banquet the donor,
As such, he laid claim to the mightiest honour ;
So in flesh colour'd silk quite elastic he shone,
Completely in *cuerpo*, without e'er a *zone*.

Old CH——TTE was *Juno* ; but had she the apple
From *Paris*, on *Ida's* fam'd mount sought to grapple ;
Methinks, he'd have made stingy goddess look gruff,
By bidding her thenceforth shun *sour krout* and *snuff* ;
Besides, 'tis not *diamonds* can *beauty* impart,
Or give to the breast, that's without it,—a *heart* !—(e)

(e) Wealth may do wonders ; but the heart can compass more, and the being without one is poor indeed, even in the midst of plenty ; incapable of knowing the just value of riches, which is their wise appropriation, as if in accumulating only consisted the bliss of pössession. The shaft, couched in the above line, is well directed ; but will never attain its destined

As for *Venus*, I scarcely need add that in state,
 By *APOLLO* she loll'd, just his *equal in weight*,
 From H—TF—DS—E's county, fat, fair, and threescore;
 While her son, wicked *Cupid*, beside her, with store
 Of arrows,—exclaim'd,—as a mighty shrew'd hit,
 “I'm the GREAT God of Love, LITTLE *Tommy T*——TT!”

The form of *Minerva* was sought for around,
 But Wisdom's bright goddess could no where be found;
 Yet, though absent herself, there were seen, hail and hearty,
 Of *owls* a vast phalanx, to grace the grand party;
 And while speaking of such, as did not board encumber,
 The *Muses* and *Graces* were all of this number.

Y—K's D—KE, who ne'er felt but of *Venus* the scars,
 War array'd in the *costume* of fiery-hot *Mars*;
 Which many believ'd would deck W——N's Grace,
 But having chang'd character, he, in its place,
 Wore cap with two wings, and the fam'd flying shoes,
 Of *Mercury's* godship,—the guardian of *Ruse*.

In the person of CL——NCE, shone *Neptune* divine,
 Less accusom'd to *water*, than *oceans of wine*.
 With cant appear'd EL——N, the courtly toad-eater;
 Bedeck'd in the trappings of *Father (f) Jupiter*;
 While bluff ELL——GH, with legal mace fell,
 Growl'd “*I'm Pluto, by G—d ! the black monarch of (g) Hell !*”

As for *Bacchus*, so many fam'd drunkards were there,
 Each striving alike with the god to compare;

goal, as the sordid principles of a certain august personage had their origin in youth, which have been strengthened by years. Age, instead of expanding the heart, renders it wholly obdurate and inaccessible to every liberal sentiment.

(f) For the correct pronunciation of the name of this deity, in the present instance, the reader is respectfully referred to *O'Keefe's* well known farce of the *Agreeable Surprise*, where *Cowslip* applies *Lingo's* description of *Jupiter*, to *Jew Peter*, the old cloaths-man.

(g) Were *Homer* himself on earth, he would nod assent to the perfection of this line!—It is the man, who speaks;—it is the man, who thinks;—in short, it is the man himself, blazoned forth in all his horrible artillery:

“Fierce as ten furies ! terrible as hell !
 And in his hand he shook a deadly dart.”

That fearing some squabble, the P——E did without him,
Assur'd twenty *Bacchus's* he'd have about him ;
An H—RTF—D was *Vulcan*, with *horns* on brow set,
Just come from completing the fam'd C——d's net !

To personate *Hecate*, came J——Y's old dame,
Too hackney'd to raise any longer a flame ;
Huge whiskers of Y——TH did *Satyr* denote,
Whose carrotty hair smelt as rank as the goat. (h)
And M—c M—N, so vers'd in the servitor's creed,
Play'd primely the part of *Jove's* page, *Ganymede*.

Great C——D's D— gleam'd resplendent to sight,
Resemblance most striking of *Hermaphrodite*.
Esculapius prov'd perfect, with only two trials,
In S—DM—TH, who carried large basket of phials : (i)
And the Dutch pug, V—NS——T, still growling for prog,
To perfection enacted the *three-headed dog*.

As butchers of freedom, I now must enroll
Two politic brothers, with *Machiavel's* soul :
Deep C——GH mimicks of *Castor* the glow,
Who now has at least *twenty strings to his bow* :
While L—P—L *Pollux's* part well supports,
Being hacknied an age in the vices of courts. (k)

(h) *Fæcunda culpæ secula nuptias*
Primum inquinavere et genus, et domos.

(i) This descendant of an Esculapian *Chip* is indebted for his wealth to the *pestlemongers*, *alias apothecaries*, as it was the *practice* of his *papa* never to take leave of a patient, without ordering twenty bottles of medicine at least, which upon the following day were changed for a new prescription of twenty more phials, so that it was no uncommon case, after a trifling illness, to behold two or three hundred bottles handed out of the mansion, to the exultation of the pestlemonger, and the impoverishment of the patient.

————— REM facias, REM ;
Recte si possis, si non quocunque modo REM.

I need only add, that the glorious six week's peace, procured for England some few years back, afforded an incontestible proof of the *gally-pot* capacity of our *ministerial Sangrado*.

(k) I do not believe, that the annals of courtly sycophancy can prodnce a more staid hackney, than the *POLLUX* above named. Possessing mediocre talents, with a great share of

A *Momus* was wanted, to raise laughter's fit,
 But SH——N's fire out—there was not a Wit :
 For *Furies* the Q——N sent—O fie ! out upon her !—
 Three wizzen old spinsters, 'yclepp'd *Maids of Honour*—
 And as *Tritons* and *Fawns*, the musicians array'd,
 On cornets and flutes most melodiously play'd.

Many more could I name, as the precious examples,
 Of the guests at *Olympus* ; but these are choice samples,
 Sufficient to show that the whole court was there,
 A batch, it is certain, beyond all compare ;
 For whoso examines, will find that unerring,
The devil a barrel produc'd better herring.

Our mighty APOLLO, Parnassus' master,
 Thus ably supported—by way of a plaster,
 Rais'd goblet, o'erflowing with *Curaço* heady,
 And toasting his guests—for the honor all ready—
 The potion quaff'd down, since APOLLO loves drinking,
 And his friends thus bespoke, after hemming and thinking :

“ My thrice worthy guests ! 'tis with pleasure I meet ye,
 “ And dress'd, like Olympic immortals, now greet ye ;
 “ I mean all my cronies, celestially gotten,
 “ Not fram'd, like yourselves, soon to die and be rotten ;
 “ For you know, M—c has prov'd they're all humbugging tales,
 “ That dub me mere R——T, and G—— P—— of W——s,
 “ 'Tis APOLLO now speaks, so obeying his nod,
 “ I demand to be hail'd, as great *Hellicon's* God.”

Quoth JUNO “ Till now I had always believ'd,
 “ You were G——GY, my first born, of true G—LP—SH breed ;
 “ But GANYMEDE's fiat, like best *Strasburgh* snuff,
 “ Is proof that I've err'd, since M—c's fiat's enough ;
 “ *Mars* whimpering arose, and agreed with his mother,
 “ Yet swore it was hard to lose *so chaste a brotcher* !” (l)

cunning and effrontery, he has braved every political tempest, for the last forty years, and now contemplates with unruffled stoicism the glorious effects of *Pitt principles*, and that *Tory* pertinacity, which has at length ruined the landed interest of the country, and bids fair to immortalize the grand peace of Europe, by a general bankruptcy at home.

(l) This is expressed in a manner that confers the highest

Gruff *Neptune* averr'd, he felt such keen emotion,
 He'd quit for stream *Jordan* the empire of *Ocean* ;
 While *Hermaphrodite's* anguish his kindred's outran,
 For he could not tell, was he *woman*, or *man* ! (m)
 Great *Jove* then arose—bow'd, and, like a land lubber,
 With fist clapp'd on bosom, began loud to blubber ;
 Then swore by his *conscience*, and heaven to boot,
 In praise of his *old lord*, he ne'er could rest mute,
 But call'd *Styx* to witness, in face of the nation,
 That *G—GE* with *APOLLO* should share adoration,
 And ended with these words, as tears trickled free,
 “ *When my K—g I forget, may my God forget me !*” (n)

Black *Pluto*, unus'd to the soft, melting mood,
 Since tears by grim *Satan* are not understood ;
 Vow'd by *Hell* ! dreadful *Styx* ! and dark *Phlegethon* too,
 That *APOLLO's* great *Godhead* he held as most true ;
 Then growlingly said, as grim smile pass'd his phiz-on,
 For *libels* on *PHÆBUS*, I've sent crowds to prison. (o)

honor upon the poet, and pourtrays with natural eloquence the sympathetic tenderness of a brother, who bewails the cruel necessity of cancelling a tie of consanguinity, by which he had conceived himself allied to the *ne plus ultra* of terrestrial excellence.

(m) A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nature can never stick, on whom my pains
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 And, as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

(n) There was a period, when a certain respect was due to great national assemblies ; but now we find the highest legal authorities throwing themselves into paroxysms of rage, if the smallest reflection be hazarded, respecting their political consistency. One asseverates, by his God ! another swears, by Hell ! in short, it is supposed that Burke gave rise to these forcible tropes of rhetoric, when, at the commencement of the French Revolution, he ventured to amuse the House of Commons with the *dagger-flourish*, while descanting upon the sufferings of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

(o) A British Jury is no longer deemed competent to decide upon the nature of a libel. It is the judge, who now directs the foreman, in terms like the following—“ Gentlemen of the Jury—you *must find* for the plaintiff:—or, the libel in this case is proved, and you *must bring in* your verdict accordingly,” which is what I call condemnation, *volens volens*.

Quoth *Merc'ry*; "faith, I'm the sole cause of all this;
 " But for *I*, our *APOLLO* had lost heavenly bliss;
 " Like *Filch* in that *Op'ra*, that *picks* people's pockets,
 " To please beggar tribes of *them Peachems* and *Lockitts*,
 " I left my first calling, contented to stand
 " Of * * * * and sycophants first in command."

As bowls fill'd with nectar were now emptied quick,
 Ten at once strove to speak, all their voices grown thick;
 So one boisterous peal, by the way of a chorus,
 Pronounc'd, *viva voce*:—" *APOLLO's* before us!"
 When sudden rush'd forth, in the semblance of *Sphinx*,
 Mother *CLARKE*, as *Pandora*, inveterate minx!
 Who sarcastic exclaim'd: "Why was *I* not invited,
 " Like the other sham godships, to be thus delighted?
 " But vengeance is sweet, and for slight I'm now able
 " To kick up a breeze;"—So she threw on the table
 A bundle of scrolls—crying, "read them for sport,"
 There's the "*FAMILY SECRETS*," for use of the COURT.(p)
 The scramble was great; ev'ery soul seiz'd a part,
 All eager to learn the grand lesson by heart;
 But while thus employ'd, mark the burthen of story,
Eclipse of the court, and APOLLO's last glory! (q)

The glance of bright Freedom, which ev'ry act sees,
 Accounted *JOHN BULL*, like the strong *Hercules*;
 O'er his shoulders the skin of the lion was spread,
 And his front of that beast bore the terrible head,
 While in grasp he then brandish'd the death-dealing club,
 Determin'd, at length, his dire despots to drub.

since the foreman is rendered no other than the echo of the judge, who acts as oracle upon all such occasions—

"Jus summum saepe summa est malitia."

(p) It is much to be regretted that the grand *ledger of courtly delinquency* has not been rendered public, as in such case there is little doubt, from the choice samples already extant, but one general burst of national indignation would manifest itself, to the overthrow of existing abuses, which would produce an ultimate change in affairs, and thus ensure the permanent happiness of the people, and the welfare of the state.

(q)——— *Amphora* coepit
 Institui; currente rota cur *urceus* exit?

He enter'd the hall, with a visage so grim,
The C—N H—E *Myrmidons* shook ev'ry limb ;
His weapon then whirl'd, with a force so tremendous,
Their godships all roar'd out—" Good Heav'n! defend us!"
Short liv'd was the cry,—JOHN BULL dealt blows so pat,
That flounce fell *Olympus*, emerg'd in the *vat*.
Thus leaving the votries, who grac'd eiderdown,
To'scape, *for some other death*; if not—to drown. (r)

UTOPIAN DIARY.

SIR,

As you profess yourself to rise above all vulgar prejudices, and boldly maintain that to be possible which, by the ignorant and the uninitiated, is deemed impracticable and contrary to reason and common sense, I beg leave to lay before you a plan of a balloon in which I mean to ascend, accompanied by some eminent artists, male and female, from B—— gardens, as early as possible in the summer.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BALLOON.

It is to be one thousand five hundred and eighty four feet in diameter, and made to accommodate, not only conveniently, but luxuriously, two hundred passengers, with seats, beds, tables, a cook-house, a concert-room with spacious orchestra, a ball-room, with three card-rooms adjoining thereto, a wash-house, laundry, bake-house, and smith's forge, with stabling for fourteen horses. An immense store-house furnished with every requisite utensil and conveniency for a long voyage, to be undertaken for the purpose of making discoveries in the lunar hemisphere. There will be places peculiarly set apart for the mercantile stores of those, who chuse to take out a ven-

(r) Oh! why was JOHN, at thought of *drowning* callous?
Because JOHN knew, his fate would be *the gallows*.

ture, either to the different planets, where our merchandize must be, no doubt, extremely rare to the inhabitants, or for our more gross terrestrial abode; it being the intention of the proprietor, after having explored some of the more distant planets, to descend by aid of a parachute, in the island of St. Helena, to see what the fallen emperor Napoleon is about. Whilst engaged in this perilous adventure, it will be left at the option of his passengers, either to await his return in the planet wherein they may be sojourning, at the time of descent, or to accompany him, as he shall be provided with rope ladders, whereby any one can descend and go back again as he pleases; and if they desire, they may take a horse with them, as all the horses have been trained at Mr. Astley's to go up and down a ladder of silk ropes. But all such persons must leave the full value of the horse and the payment of their own passage, "through all the worlds that shine;" previous to their taking such occasional trips.

This wonderful balloon, notwithstanding its solidity and numerous accommodations, will be so light that a child may bear it on its' hand; being made of thin painted tiffany. But it is utterly impossible for me to state the advantage and utility of this machine; my chief motive for addressing you is, through the medium of your diary, to be enabled to set on foot a subscription for so grand an undertaking, but which cannot be completed without considerable expence. My proposals, therefore, are for every housekeeper to pay one pound yearly, for three years to come; every lodger who has an income of his own, half a guinea; every lodger who works for his living, five shillings; every officer seven shillings; every soldier and sailor one shilling; every washerwoman and chairwoman sixpence, and every poor labourer and chimney sweeper one penny. Although I have not enumerated scavengers, lamplighters, &c. &c. I would wish no one to be exempt from bestowing their mite; except my brother balloonists, the proprietors of Gas lights, and

the *Royal Family*. Trusting that you will make known my proposals to your numerous readers,

I remain, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANCISCO GIOVANNI PUFFGASSADO.

CONSUMPTIONS CURED.

It is a most ridiculous and vulgar prejudice which causes many to imagine, that the most inveterate consumption has in it any thing dangerous, or even any kind of tendency to injure the most delicate constitution. A professional man of extensive practice can easily confute this gross error, having discovered a medicine which is an infallible cure, even to those who are just on the point of breathing their last, after having been given over by the most eminent physicians. That cough which racks the whole frame, the hollow sound of which is thought to strike the alarm to death, is a mere nothing; constant spitting of blood is no mark of decay; these are all absurd notions. The last surprising cure was performed on a man of eighty four years of age—BY DEATH!—and the poor old man, having much admired the following lines, engraven on the tomb stone of a beautiful damsel of eighteen, requested to have the same inscribed by way of epitaph, on his own monument.

“The pale consumption gave the *silent* blow,
The stroke was *sudden*, tho’ the effect was *slow*.”

CHRONICLE OF THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

The *National Guard*—a new Vaudeville, has, on a sudden, ceased to be performed at the *Theatre des Varietes*. It is the production of a dramatic writer, of the name of Duchamp Antereau, the author of numerous little pieces, all more new than striking. It seems he has offered another piece, on the subject of the National

Guard, to the Theatre de *la Gaiete*, which the managers have rejected. In so doing, we find them real friends to the author, but it is supposed *he* will not regard them in the same light.

The theatres are all occupied in endeavours to present the public with something new: whether these productions will possess any inherent merit, independent of their novelty, we are rather apt to doubt. A ballet forthcoming is highly spoken of, and if promises may be credited, it is to be *irresistibly comie*. The title is *Betinet*. Heaven grant that all the spirit of the piece may not be, as is too often the case, contained in the title.

Under the direction of Picard, a new overture was to be performed last month, at the Theatre *l'Odeon*, to a stock piece of five acts; the following song to be introduced in compliment to the English, though applied to to the English boxers, which we have translated as exact as possible.

“ Altho’ the hat he wears is frightful,
 “ G—d d—mn! An Englishman’s delightful;
 “ For manners *gentle*, fam’d in story.
 “ Oh! how polite his winning ways!
 “ What taste *refin’d*, JOHN BULL displays,
 “ As with his fist he deals the blow,
 “ Which every Frenchman well doth know,
 “ Confers on Britain’s sons such glory!”

In order to prove the *puppyism* of French actors, we beg leave to present our readers with the following anecdote.

A friend, calling one morning at the house of a celebrated performer, found him shaving himself. “ Oh!” said the son of Thespis, “ you have surprised me amidst *all the horrors* of my toilette!”

The new piece of *Jean sans peur*, is by no means, *sans reproche*.

Common sense is weary of the gigantic praises bestowed on Madame Catalina, in some of the French journals; we are sensible of her merit, but why exalt it to the clouds?

One of the tragedy queens of the French stage, now ranks among the very first *coquettes* of *Paris*, although it is not long since that she was a poor simple country girl. But farewell to the peaceful days of youthful innocence; *Manlius* has made his appearance; war is declared, and nothing is now thought of but *poisonings*, *poignardings*, and *suicides* of every description.

On a revival of the *Odeon Theatre* we can compare it to nothing else than to patients given over by their physicians, who after they have exhausted every effort of their skill, allow them every thing they have a fancy to. On the first of January this theatre promised to put itself under a sanative regimen, which we hope will be a means of bringing it to a state of dramatic convalescence. We have perused some of its pieces, which almost proved it in a *dying state*.

As for the novelties produced at the *Theatre Français*, we may say of the muses, as Cicero did of the laws: "*Silent inter arma*." Little has been left to the imagination, or to the agreeable pleasures of the drama.

Demetrius, the last new tragedy produced at this theatre, was performed six times; with good care it might have been played much oftener; it obtained not a single mark of disapprobation; however, it sunk into almost immediate oblivion. Men of letters seem to have laid down one particular rule of judgment: they are guided by fashion alone in their appreciation of merit, and their approval is decided by the voice of popularity. That there are faults in the tragedy of *Demetrius* cannot be denied: its plot is too romantic, and its incredibility, with its too frequent imitations and dangerous comparisons, are too strangely marked. But the beauties of the third and fourth act; its noble and pathetic situations; its exquisite versification, and above all its interesting *denouement*, which describes a king returning conqueror, after twenty years of calamities and proscription, ought to render it a favourite with a loyal people.

Uncommon pains as well as expence have been bestowed by the managers of this theatre, in bringing forward a tragedy, founded upon Shakspeare, entitled *Arthur de Bretagne*. But with all their efforts, with all the united recommendations of novelty, splendour, and magnificence, the success of the piece has in no wise answered their expectation. Shakspeare's dramatic Muse finds little congeniality in the taste and habits of the French stage. It is a soil ill adapted to a transplantation from the vigorous conceptions of our immortal bard.

CHINESE LETTER.

SIR,

HAVING had occasion in my youth to visit several parts of the Chinese empire, I became acquainted, when at Pequin, with a young philosopher, who had often expressed an ardent desire to visit the metropolis of England, but was prevented by the fear of giving uneasiness to an aged parent. On the death of the old gentleman he came to England last year. I immediately recognized him, notwithstanding the humble disguise he had assumed, and during his short stay, we became inseparable. After he had investigated our different laws, customs and manners; had admired a few, and felt disgusted at many, he took his final leave of us. At parting he deposited in my hands some papers, which he said were now of no farther use to him. Amongst these was the following copy of a letter, which, whatever may be your own opinion, Mr. Editor, or that of your readers, respecting the justice and accuracy of its details, you certainly must allow contains many striking and important truths. Should some of its critiques and animadversions appear to be over-strained and exaggerated, you as well as your readers must be sensible of the latitude always allowed to

A TRAVELLER.

Letter from CHAING-SAU in London, to THING-SU, in the City of Pekin.

Well may it be said, my dear THING-SU, that we, the favoured of Heaven, who are born in the greatest empire of the earth, are gifted with *two* eyes, while all the rest of mankind have only *one*. Never did I witness so strong an instance of this truth, as in this great city; for almost all the great princes and mandarins here wear one of glass, to supply the defect of that, which is blind. This eye is generally suspended by a ribbon round their necks, and fastened, to prevent it's breaking, to a button on their waistcoat, or carefully deposited in their bosom. And such is the folly of human nature, that they actually seem proud of this singular infirmity; and the handicraft man or his apprentice, who can thus display his glass-eye, like the rich mandarin, lets it dangle in full sight, nor doth he always hide it in his bosom, unless it be *broken*.

Dear as light to the eyes, sweet as the perfume of the delicious leaf of Congou are the communications of friendship! Thou knowest, my dear THING-SU, that I am a practical philosopher, and that the study of mankind, and the wish to visit distant countries were innate in my breast. For this purpose I descend from the high state, in which the GREAT Fo delighted to place me in my native empire, and I mingle here with the lower orders of mankind. It is amongst them that we learn to appreciate the true character and dispositions of a nation. The great and middling classes may be viewed, by the eye of observation and discernment, at a distance.

Is it not strange, that though the all bountiful Creator has given, in kindness, to these one-eyed idiots, the appearance of *two* good eyes, yet the moment they see a beautiful female approach, before whom thou wouldest imagine they would be sorry to appear blind, they hastily show to her their eye of glass, instead of endeavouring to conceal it. And though this palpable truth must

strike every Chinese, yet these islanders flatter themselves they can see every thing in a better light than the rest of mankind: probably they wish to make people believe they have *three eyes*!

How wouldst thou smile, couldst thou now behold thy friend, habited like a poor mendicant, with a little stick in his hand, surrounded by a few paper birds, the tails of which, composed of various feathers, move round rapidly with the wind, and which our Chinese artists think a wonderful effort of ingenuity. The people here buy them out of charity, for being superior to all the nations of the world in arts and mechanism, having no doubt been taught, in pity to their blindness, by the GREAT VISHPOUR, their purchasing these foolish trifles can be only from a divine principle of relieving misery; in the exercise of which, I find the common and middling classes extremely amiable. *They* seem always ready to give, but often from their own folly and expence, have nothing left to bestow. Now this must be the inherent propensity of their own nature; for the dervises and great mandarins set a very ill example; they eat enormously, drink more, and often are fed from the sweat of the labourer, and the payment of *enormous*, and many of them *unnecessary* gifts, called *taxes*, from the middling classes. Even the hardy warrior who has fought their battles, and receives as a reward what will scarcely support him, must give to the mandarins who govern the state, and who live on the fat of the land, a portion out of his pay, that would, in private life almost find the contented warrior in outer garments, to keep out the cold. We know, my dear THING-SU, that fatness is the standard of Chinese beauty in a man, and that all our mandarins, by the blessing of Fo, are fat and in good liking; but it is not *from the gifts of the poor that they become so*! Extreme fatness here generally proceeds from excess, and indulgence in meats and strong liquors. Such then who riot on the sufferings of the people, I can compare to nothing but the filthy beast, which Mahomet

and the Jewish prophet forbade their disciples to partake of.

These people love and cherish the breed of *horses*; and the pedigree of that animal is preserved from generation to generation: while often he, who by his talents, unfolds the treasures of science, and makes them easy to the comprehension of mankind, whom he studies to improve, earns but a scanty and precarious subsistence. But too often do sages of this description perish for want; and when the learned philosopher ceases to exist, then too late his worth becomes known. The miserable scribbler, who writes for hire, searches every old letter and paper to find out *his* pedigree, which, for want of that care, which is bestowed on the *horse*, has perished, and they can scarcely find out that he once *had* a grandfather.

The women of this country are esteemed handsome; but you know the taste of our nation is the only true standard of beauty; to wit, a flat nose, broad forehead, little eyes, black teeth, and very little feet. Now I see none of these charms in England; and if a woman is so favoured as to possess them, she is called ugly; for there are but too expressions applied to the persons of women, beautiful as an angel, or ugly as the devil. One of the greatest of all the mandarins here has set an example which will excite your wonder, and the subordinate classes, from the inferior nobility down to the middling races, faithfully copy it. At the time we cast off our concubines, and make them wait on our younger wives, then an English lady is in the zenith of her glory; for the great mandarin I mentioned above, has even committed the *crime* (for such it is called in this cold country) of having two *wedded wives* at one time; one very old, the other quite young enough for him. Now, strange as it may appear to thee, THING-SU, he loves the *old* lady best; she has no pretensions to Chinese beauty, except being *fat* and *fair*: but the mandarin has of late given himself up to the swallowing large quantities of rich wines, with

a deleterious and inebriating liquor, called *punch*, by the islanders.

You know how I cherish and admire the charms of SHUYPEIGSEIN, your sister, and my favourite wife. How neat is her strait garment, buttoned up to her throat, which carefully conceals those beauties she has received from nature, and that not even the roundness of a female can be there discovered. The English ladies, particularly those who are now arrived at the age of forty, and I will not say only the ladies, for I have seen a woman so confined, who cries the refuse of the shambles in the streets for the cats and dogs, are trussed up in a kind of machine, with a large piece of steel thrust down the front, and in this they are so tightly confined, that their bosoms are drove up to their chins, and an unseemly bunch is forced out behind. How unlike is this to the fine elasticity and continual motion of the hips of the Japanese girls! This confinement hinders the advantage of a free circulation, causes thereby a disgusting redness in the face, a swelling often in the ancles, and adds to the enormous size of Englishwomen's feet. We, my friend, who have studied all the abstruse sciences, know the fatal effects of tightly compressing any part of the human body; for the growth must go somewhere. I have bought one of these machines for the punishment of my fourth wife GULPHENAN, who is apt to be refractory in discovering her fingers from under her long sleeves.

The manners of this country are far from polite. In the evening, I throw off my mendicant's dress, and accompany my friend, the rich English merchant, to the houses of his wealthy and noble friends. Instead of the three low bows, with which we preface our sitting down in the apartments of the great, the Englishman gives a nod, and often with his head covered saying, *How are you?* while he makes use of a word, which condemns to everlasting punishment all he does, and all he has to do with, as, he was d—d drunk last night; he's d—d lazy; or his wife's a d—d fool; or, the prince is d—d sick;

or the q—n's d—d stingy. Such is the general tenor of their manners and conversation.

I have endeavoured to learn the language of the country, which from its contraction when compared to ours, I thought would be very easy ; but I find there is a peculiar jargon adopted by all classes, called *slang*. It consists of words borrowed from a very low language, and very difficult for a foreigner to know how to apply with fitness and propriety. At first I imagined that the nobles invented this language, in order not to be confounded in any way with the mass of the people. But I find, on enquiry, that it has been copied from the very lower orders, who live in a place called *Broad St. Giles's*, where the *slang* is spoken in greater perfection than any where else ; and from which district a particular dictionary has been published to explain it, patronized by a Colonel of great family, who is lately come to his title of earl. One of my friend's noble acquaintance says, however, that this work is erroneous.

I will give you a short specimen of these words, because I know in your intercourse with foreign merchants, you endeavour to make yourself master of the English language ; and as this love of *slang* increases, these merchants may be tempted to make use of it in their commercial dealings. There is the *tippy*, the *go*, *quiz*, *twaddle*, *flat*, *bore*, and *hoax* ; all which words so sadly have I misapplied, that I have frequently got myself into very serious disgrace. To a lady, that was too fond of wine and punch, I said, she was quite *tippy*, and from my faulty pronunciation, it sounded like *tipsey*, which means drunk. I told another lady she was quite a *flat* ; I meant it as a great compliment, not to her nose, but because she was not distinguished by those mighty *protuberances* I had remarked in other English women. In my disguise, I ran after a rich hog merchant, and besought him, as he valued a *bore*, to bestow his charity on a poor Chinese ; and seeing a little fat lady, as broad as she was long, waddling before me, I begged she would buy some of my toys, as

she hoped for the blessing of being always a *twaddle*. Now, my dear THING-SU, I knew only amidst all this new fashion jargon, of which I have sent you but a very short specimen, how to apply the words *quiz* and *hoax* properly. The *quiz* is to put some trick upon another to make him appear ridiculous, or cause him to believe every fulsome compliment paid to him; and one of these islanders, who professes himself a *quizzier*, deceived me, by telling me to employ the other *slang* words in an improper manner. The *hoax* is played off in various ways—different tradespeople, even to the undertaker, or the individual who provides the last habiliments of the dead, are sent to the dwelling of some rich person, declaring they came there by his order, and they produce their different bills and charges to his great perplexity, while the doors of his house are beset by rabble of every description. Another *hoax* is often acted in time of war, in regard to this people's success or defeat, and then their public treasuries, called here *funds* or *stocks*, rise or fall, and these *hoaxes*, as they are called in the *slang* language, are often set on foot by the stock-merchants, commonly called *jobbers*, (which is another *slang* word) themselves.

I never have had, nor do I mean to have any future commerce with the *quizzier*, who taught me the misapplication of the slang terms, thereby seeking to make me appear odious in the *one eye* of these Islanders, who have evinced towards me both charity and hospitality. Yet this *quizzier* pretended to be my friend! O impious profanation of the most sacred name! Where shall I find a real friend, like my THING-SU? from whom I hope soon to hear, in our grand and copious language, that he feels all the full force of sacred friendship, with the same sincerity as his

CHIANG-SAU.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE measure of the following lyric ode was once worn so threadbare, and the changes rung on it became so ridiculous, that any attempt to introduce it again has been long laid aside. The present effusion is said to be written by a very illustrious personage, who, we are led to suppose, either found this measure peculiarly easy when he chose to indulge a poetic vein, or else the rapturous idea, which forms the refrain, or burden of the song, continually crossing his thought, caused him to make those frequent repetitions, contained in the following lines.

MY PUNCH BOWL.

Ah! me; the bottle empty stands
Beside my bed, while feet and hands
Swell'd with the gout, my tongue commands
The punch bowl!

That tongue with sorrow ne'er was dry;
Dull care I hate; from thought I fly,
And to M'M—~~n~~ loudly cry
For punch bowl!

Of water, put but *little* store,
Of brandy *plenty*, rum, *more, more*;—
Sure I ne'er lov'd thee thus before,
My punch bowl!

Thou cheer'st my bloated, gouty frame,
Thou dost each haughty thought inflame,
Proving all men are not the same;
Dear punch bowl!

Thy tears alone can touch my heart,
When from my lips thou dost depart,
For thou can'st cure each gouty smart,
My punch bowl!

Great are my debts, and light my purse,
 Sans *Civil L—st*, it would be worse ;
 Then let me clasp my dearest nurse,
 My punch bowl !

Come, let the liquor overflow
 The bowl's large brim ; I soon shall know,
 Whether JOHN BULL will yet bestow
 A punch bowl !

He can each loss all times retrieve ;
 We'll tell a tale shall him deceive,
 For never will I lose, believe,
 My punch bowl !

Remember, what I ask is this,
 A portion large for *LITTLE MISS*,
 Some too, for *ME*, each hour to kiss
 My punch bowl !

And let me from each income drain
 Enough, my luxury to maintain ;
 Should JOHN BULL never taste again
 A punch bowl !

GYNAESYNODIUM ;

OR,

*Meeting of Old Women belonging to St. S * * * * * 's
 Chapel.*

THIS famous chapel, which is only open for a few months in the year, has a numerous body of subordinate people, employed under its proprietor and directors. Most of them are married men, and there are frequent jarrings, though more frequent coalitions, amongst these different families ; the females, as usual, entering into all the cabals and animosities which take place, though they generally coalesce and agree in the most important point, to wit, that of gaining all they can from the preachers and

proprieters, whilst they leave the people, we mean the congregation, to look out and shift for themselves.

Two powerful parties prevail; and we must say, the ladies, who are oppositionists to the present majority, appear to be acting under a noble and generous impulse, against the extortions practised against the congregation. They are permitted, by the clerk of the vestry, to meet there every day, till the matter shall be properly investigated and finally settled, to the satisfaction of either the proprietors and their adherents, or to that of the congregation, the complaints of which have lately been exceedingly heavy against the impositions, to which they have been, and still are subjected.

A message was sent from the chief proprietor, desiring all the pew-openers to be *very sharp after money*; and instructing them to raise the price of the pews, that is to say, where they were wont to let *two persons in for six-pence*, to be sure to *charge a shilling for each person*.

Mrs. BLAND, a merry good-natured creature, just come from the country, on hearing the said message delivered, incontinently began to sing a ballad, in praise of peace. This done, she said she thought there was something very mysterious in making such a provision; when things ought now of course to be cheaper.* “*But I foresee’d it, and I know’d it,*” added she, “that with certain people, the more they gets, the more they wants.”

Mrs. VAN FLEECEUM, wife to the head verger, said, nobody had nothing to do with the embarrassed state of the country; and if we had ever so much plenty *now*, there *was* a great scarcity in 1801: and in order not to have our provisions of the same vulgar price as those abroad, we ought to raise them. But she was determined to watch that no creature should ever come there, without paying something out of his or her income.

Mrs. BRUSH’EM, one of the sweepers of the chapel,

* Vide Mr. B——d’s *maiden speech*.

and a very sensible woman, was certainly too civil to tell Mrs. VAN FLEECEUM, that all she had been saying was downright nonsense. But she would venture to assert, that there never was so cruel a measure proposed or thought of, as that of making a person pay equally, nay even more in times of plenty, than at a period of scarcity. It was a mockery of people's distress, when they were groaning under the weight of taxes, to tell them such expence was necessary. For her part, Mrs. BRUSH'EM said, the lowest farthing spent unnecessarily ought to be calculated; aye, from the prince himself, down to the common soldier.

Mrs. CRAMAWAY, the grave-digger's wife, asked Mrs. BRUSH'EM, who, by her good sense, had swept all before her, whether she could ever remember a peace like this? Or, as she was always poking her head over the History of England, whether she had ever heard of *sitch* a one? Certainly, there was distress in the country; but what did that signify? It was always so, in a change of war to peace. She remembered, she said, the American war, when she was a *girl*, and she did not really know but what that was *worser*. There was a fund from profits, locked up under the floor of the vestry, which said fund, added Mrs. CRAMAWAY, laughing, "as you are bit of a politician, Mrs. BRUSH'EM, we'll call the *sinking fund*. (a loud laugh.) That must absolutely remain inviolate; and in order to add to it, or repay what our preachers have been obliged to borrow, for great dinners and merry meetings, we must tax the pockets of the congregation."

Mrs. TIDY, and a tidy notable woman she was, and was employed in the care of the surplices, to see they were kept *clean* and without *stain*; Mrs. TIDY, at this first meeting, said but little. What she did say, was, however, to the purpose, particularly that part of her speech, wherein she said, that she hoped since the chief proprietor of the chapel recommended *economy*, he meant to *practice it himself*. (A laugh.)

On February the second, these good women met again,

and Mrs. BAREALL, the wife of the cash-keeper, said, she requested to know whether this tax on people's pockets was to continue for ever?

Mrs. VAN FLEECEUM said, as madam had thought proper to put her questions so close, she should answer her in her own way. She should hope the tax would always continue; at all events, the trial ought to be made for a year or two, at the expiration of which term it would rest with the wisdom of the vergers and pew-openers, to determine whether it should be made permanent. And as to what had been said about the *fund under the vestry floor*, she owned she wished she could get at it as well as another.

Mrs. BAREALL took no notice of this pretended candor; she knew Mrs. VAN FLEECEUM well, and was not to be humbugged by unmeaning professions. That lady was always on a sharp look out for money, from every member of the congregation. Mrs. BAREALL, therefore, only remarked, that she thought it hard to make people pay more, when their distresses were already so very great.

On Wednesday, February 7th, Mrs. LAMB brought in a written request, from a poor cousin, praying to be allowed a seat in the chapel, without paying. (*thrown down on the table.*)

Several more debates on this business have taken place, in the course of which Mrs. BRUSH'EM and Mrs. TIDY spoke like disinterested women of good sense and feeling. The latter looked sarcastically at a *blue ribbon*, bound round the mob-cap of Mrs. CRAMAWAY, which was known to have been the present of the PROPRIETOR OF THE CHAPEL, for assisting in grave-digging, and other lucrative concerns. Mrs. CRAMAWAY gave a triumphant laugh, as much as to say: "*let them laugh that wins,*" and cast a look in the little glass, by aid of which the preachers set their bands and wigs to rights.

THE APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

THE law of Queen Elizabeth, enacting that no person may exercise certain trades or crafts, without serving seven years indentured apprenticeship to the same, has lately been wisely repealed by our legislature—but the system of apprenticeship itself requires, in many respects, to be better regulated than it is at present, if not to be done away with altogether.

Under the specious name of apprenticeship, it often becomes a system of domestic slavery for seven long weary years; a system of the most cruel oppression, practised with impunity in the midst of a land of freedom. The apprentice, instead of being taught the art and mystery, for the acquirement of which he enters into covenant and indentures, is for a considerable part of his time employed in things not in the remotest degree connected with his trade. He is not only compelled to perform the most menial offices, but absolutely degraded to the very *drudge of the family. One half of his day is spent in running errands, brushing shoes for his master and mistress, cleaning knives and forks, washing plates, or nursing the children; in a word, he is little better than the lowest errand boy. Or, if more enlightened views of his own interest, on the part of the master, induce him to keep his apprentice truly and *bona fide* to the exercise of the trade and calling for the which he is bound, he is in that case but too frequently overworked, and kept so close to labour, that his bodily frame feels the effects thereof to the last hour of his existence. To the evils resulting from such a system of coercion and confinement, must be superadded the whole host of ills con-

* A hired servant is at liberty to withdraw from ill usage at a short warning, or none at all, and seek a better situation; which is a sufficient check on masters and redress for servants; but an indentured apprentice is bound to serve his full term of seven years.

comitant on harsh treatment, bad and insufficient diet, with an almost endless variety of other privations too numerous to mention. The inevitable consequence of such a state of seven years' thralldom is, that his growth is frequently injured, his constitution undermined, his spirits broken, his mind debased, and his feelings totally deadened to every noble and manly aspiring. Nor does the rubric of evils terminate here. After having undergone this seven years' slavery, how often does it happen, that the apprentice issues forth from his torture-chamber, with little or no skill in his trade and calling! This is more particularly the lot of apprentices put out from the different parishes, or of those who have no friends to advocate their cause, and examine into the treatment they receive.

The lot of *female* parish apprentices is still more grievous and deplorable. It presents, in fact, a case, which calls loudly for the interposition of the legislature. In how many instances has their master proved their *seducer*! and employed them as tools, not so much for his *emolument*, as for his *lust*! The writer of this article has been informed, by a person conversant with parish matters, and on whose veracity he can firmly rely, that the master of a certain business, in which females were principally employed, had long been in the habit of taking young good-looking girls from the parish, as apprentices for five years. With each girl he received a premium of five pounds, paid by the parish. Under pretence of giving them better instruction, he contrived protracted opportunities of being with them in private, and continued his diabolical practices, till he succeeded in debauching them. But, if he found his efforts frustrated; if he could not mould them to his vile purposes, or if satiated with enjoyment, in that case he took an occasion of making over their indentures to another master or mistress, and filled up the vacancy in his establishment by fresh girls from the parish, with a fresh premium!

For the honour of human nature let us hope, that the followers of this detestable system of female ruin are not numerous; that few masters will, after the example above recorded, deliberately and in cool blood organize the seduction of their apprentices, and sacrifice for life the honour and happiness of their dependants to the gratification of a brutal passion. But still, in the present system and state of things, the morals of female apprentices, in the lower walks of life, are left but too much at the mercy of contingencies. In extensive manufactures, in which female apprentices are engaged from the parish, they must necessarily be often placed in improper situations. Having no friends, no relatives to watch over their conduct, to aid them with virtuous counsel, or interpose their authority, where they find guilt and danger lurking in ambush, they but too frequently fall victims to their own inexperience, and the hacknied villainy of their seducers. Nay, had they even friends sufficiently interested in their welfare to pay attention to their morals, and sufficiently enlightened to consult and promote their happiness, with the best wishes in the world, those friends might fail of accomplishing their virtuous and laudable object. So ill defined and so little understood are the rights of masters and mistresses over their apprentices, that interference between the two parties becomes a matter of difficult, if not of impracticable attainment. If abuse exists, it is generally carried on in secret and in the dark. Little redress therefore is likely to accrue to the apprentice, unless, indeed, abuse of power and authority be carried to the very extreme of guilt; unless so nefarious, so atrocious and so flagrant be the outrage committed on the apprentice, that it becomes the common talk of the neighbourhood, and that the existence of the public safety and tranquillity be endangered, by the enormities of the mistress or the master. Such was the case, in the well known history of the infamous Mrs. Brownrigg; such in a late transaction in the vicinity of Covent-Garden. But in ordinary cases, it is difficult to prove the abuse, and

bring to punishment the offender. And it is a notorious fact, that where complaint has been made magistrates are but too apt to lean in favour of the master, probably from want of guide or power to oppose him; otherwise it is to be hoped, they would rather incline towards the weaker party. In short, it now seems to be left in a great measure to caprice and chance, whether the master performs his duty or not.

It may be very plausible in theory to suppose, that it being the master's interest to cherish and employ his apprentice in his business, as much as possible, it therefore naturally follows that he will do so. Lamentable experience, however, has but too often proved the very reverse to be the actual case. Some masters are so narrow in their views, as to be base and cruel, from mistaken notions of interest. Others are depraved to that degree, as to ill-treat their apprentices, even to their own detriment. In other instances, again, a natural tendency to tyrannize and overbear goes hand in hand with the master's interest and gain. A disposition morose, passionate, avaricious, &c. may produce the same effects; and many there are who act without thought on the matter; at any rate, it is unsafe to trust to the sense or principle of people in general, especially of the lower class of tradesmen, though there are many worthy exceptions. And let it be remembered, that there is a wide difference between a youth being under the discretionary power of an affectionate parent, relative, or friend, who only mean his welfare; and that of being surrendered to the arbitrary controul of a mercenary, merciless master or mistress, who consider their apprentice as an article of traffic, and look only to the profit they can extract from him.

In the next place, the duties of masters should be more accurately defined, and the conscientious performance of those duties more rigidly enforced. Guardians likewise might be with propriety appointed, to see justice done to the apprentice. Perhaps too, the usual term of seven years might be safely abridged, and reduced to five years,

which would probably be sufficient to learn even the most mysterious craft. Or if, in some instances, seven years should be deemed necessary, it might be confined to those extraordinary cases. Certainly there are many trades, which require even a much shorter time.—And some have so little art or mystery in them, as not to require apprenticeship at all. For instance, some time ago a poulterer brought an action against another for setting up the business, without having served seven years' apprenticeship, as required by the law of Elizabeth. Now, will any one pretend there can be so much art and mystery in the business of a poulterer, as to require seven years apprenticeship to it? And some secrets of their art had better never be learnt at all, such as the barbarous innovation of plucking the fowls alive!

Perhaps trades might be classed, and the term of apprenticeship adjusted, in proportion to their difficulty and mystery. Or if seven years should be preferred, for the sake of preventing youth from launching too * prematurely into the world, before they have gained sufficient experience in the ways of men, or from other motives, it might be expedient that the master should be bound over to allow them a proportion of their earnings, during the latter part of their time. Even in this case the master would be adequately remunerated—especially where premiums have been paid.

Many masters and mistresses of trades practise a very gainful system, by taking as many apprentices with as high premiums, as they can possibly extort, and then carrying on their business principally, and sometimes exclusively by them, hiring few or no journeymen or women. These apprentices they keep as cheaply and

* Were the term of apprenticeship shorter, a lad might be kept longer at his education; which would generally be a great advantage, especially after the usual age of fourteen, till which time a youth can scarcely be said to begin to understand what he is learning.

work as much as possible ; thus pocketing their original premiums and all their subsequent earnings, which are often very considerable, especially during the latter part of their indentures. This is particularly the case in female trades, such as mantua-makers, milliners, &c. where the girls are often half starved, overworked, and other-ways harshly treated.

Certainly, in some business at least, masters and mistresses ought rather to *pay* a premium for an apprentice than receive one ; and perhaps it would be more equitable and beneficial in all cases, were masters to take apprentices without any premium, and be content with their services. Again, some frivolous callings might be totally excluded from the system of apprenticeship. But in all cases the hours of work should be limited, and under no consideration whatever ought it to be permitted to the master, to employ his apprentice in any thing irrelevant to the business which he is bound to learn. Proper regulations likewise ought to be adopted, to secure the good treatment of the apprentice. As the case at present stands, the reciprocity of advantage between apprentices, and those who receive them as such, is generally out of all due proportion, in favor of the latter.

But after all that may be done, perhaps, for its better regulation, still the system of indentured apprenticeship will probably ever remain liable to abuse, and for this very reason highly objectionable. A preferable plan might be, to place youth as pupils with a master or mistress, to learn their art, giving their instructors the benefit of their services, in their craft alone, during journeyman hours, for a certain period, with also a premium, if necessary. And if the friends of the pupils could conveniently board, lodge, and cloath them, their health, morals, and comfort would be infinitely better provided for. A due knowledge of the art likewise, which is all they want of their teachers, would be equally well acquired ; or if they remained entirely with them during the period, that it should at least be left to the option of their friends (free,

unshackled by binding indentures to the contrary) to withdraw them if necessary. And indeed, the masters and mistresses themselves, if they only mean fairly, ought not to object to this mode, as it leaves them equally free. Why should not youth be taught the mysteries of a craft in the same way, as any science or language, on the footing of pupil and tutor? We remunerate the latter, and allow authority sufficient to maintain necessary discipline, &c. But we do not bind the pupil to remain for seven years, under any breach of trust, &c.—Both should continue together only during reciprocal good behaviour, and mutual convenience—the only part of the contract that ought to be binding, is the fulfilment of terms. Many youths and others of maturer years have acquired crafts in a very skilful degree, by this and similar modes, instead of indentured apprenticeship.

It has already been observed, that the law of Queen Elizabeth, prohibiting persons from exercising certain crafts and callings, unless after having served an apprenticeship of seven years to the same, has very wisely been repealed. Common sense, as well as practical utility therefore require, that all the monopolizing immunities, founded and bottomed on the observance of the said abrogated law, should cease and discontinue with it. Yet but too often do we hear of journeymen, who have served their regular apprenticeship, forming unlawful combinations among themselves, with a view of intimidating masters, and compelling them not to employ any workmen in their several establishments, who have not gone through the same process of indentureship with themselves, even although the said workmen may have acquired a far superior knowledge of the craft or calling. By such unwarrantable proceedings, a vast mass of merit and of usefulness, of skill and of talent, is rendered totally unprofitable and lost to the state. The masters, in excuse for their compliance with the arbitrary demands of their journeymen, are wont to alledge that the number of those who have served a regular apprenticeship to certain trades

and callings, exceeding by far the number of those, who have acquired a knowledge of it by other means, they might, in case the former should combine together, and secede from their employment, they, the masters, might experience considerable difficulty in procuring a sufficient number of hands for carrying on their business. However plausible this excuse may at first sight appear, we are apt to suspect that it involves not a little selfishness and inclination, on the part of the masters. For the law is evidently in their favour, and they have always in their own hands the means of stopping the progress of this evil, by prosecuting such combining and intimidating journeymen for a conspiracy, under which denomination their conduct most clearly falls. At all events, we would earnestly recommend to those workmen, who are thrown out of employment by such unwarrantable acts on the part of the journeymen, to have recourse to the violated laws of their country. By appealing to the competent tribunals, they would be sure of obtaining redress.

Nor is this all. Every description of municipal laws or charters, monopolizing the exercise of certain crafts, within the walls, to a few privileged individuals, and excluding therefrom the rest of the community, who are all equally subjects of the same government, and natives of the same realm, must be considered as a flagrant attack upon the constitution. It tends to separate and disunite, even to the establishment of an *imperium in imperio*, a system not less impolitic than unjust, inasmuch as it acts as a check and discouragement to the exertion of general talent and industry. Viewed in this light, all such monopolizing charters ought to experience the same fate with the afore-mentioned law of Queen Elizabeth. They ought to be, without delay, cancelled, abrogated and annulled.

In fact, however vaunted and glorious may have been the reign of this self-same Queen Elizabeth, it was not the less the reign of monopolies. At the present day, trade is placed upon a different and a better footing. Its

real interests are more clearly understood, and more successfully consulted. Instead of upholding the old system of apprenticeship, we ought, perhaps, rather to regard it as the relic of exploded notions, and of obsolete customs, little adapted to the spirit and the practice of modern times. Might it not, therefore, be more politic and expedient, that a system so liable to abuse, and that abuse so difficult to prevent, detect, or redress, should be discontinued altogether? Or, at any rate, as far as it can be done without serious inconvenience? And where it cannot be dispensed with, ought it not to be placed under the best possible regulations?

I recommend these hints to the consideration of the friends of youth, and to the legislature as far as its interference may be necessary.

London, 6th Feb. 1816.

T. S. W.

P. S. Before I dismiss the subject, I cannot help adverting to the folly of those parents, who leave the choice of a profession or calling to their children, at an age too early for them to be capable of judging for themselves, in a matter of such vast importance to the welfare and happiness of their future life. I once knew a father of good property, who consulted his son, a boy of thirteen, for this purpose. All he could get out of him was, that he should like, above all things, to be a hackney-coachman. This, to be sure, was so revolting and preposterous, that the parent saw his own error, and himself made choice of a profession for his son. Certainly the genius, disposition, &c. of youth should be studied, and a profession chosen most likely to prove congenial and suitable to them; but of this their seniors are the best judges.

Next to this error, is that of fixing a youth's destination too prematurely—thus, frequently, one child is intended for the church, another for the army, another for the navy, &c. from their very cradles, even before the parents themselves can judge of their characters.

The consequence but too often is, that their progeny in the sequel, find themselves entangled in a profession

no ways suitable for them, and either continue to plod on in it, with disgust, and little success through life; or else abandon it, and adopt another, when all the previous time, expence, &c. are lost, not only without the slightest advantage, but to their great and material detriment.

ABUSE OF CHARITABLE ESTABLISHMENTS.

PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTION.

THE impositions, frauds, and vexations, detailed in the following letter, are of so flagrant and heinous a nature, that the proprietors of the *SCOURGE* would feel themselves wanting in the duty they owe to the community at large, were they to refuse insertion to a statement, calculated to promote general and extensive good. The author of this letter is of the legal profession: it is not the amount of the loss he has sustained; not the *value*, but the *justice* of the point at issue, that induces him to come forward with a public remonstrance and appeal. It is the *spirit*, not the *letter* of his complaint, which claims the serious attention of the public. In vain may benevolence tend forth her hand; in vain may generosity and liberality proffer succour and relief to human misery and infirmity; in vain may the most charitable establishments be endowed and founded, if the subordinate agents of such institutions be allowed to practice fraud with impunity, and the controlling power wink at their impositions and vexations. A liberal public will ever feel inclined to promote the purposes of humanity; but abuses, carried on under the mask of charity, call loudly for double castigation, exposure, and reproof.

“ In the month of October last, I sent a yard and seven-eighths of broad cloth, at one pound eleven shillings and sixpence per yard, with other requisite materials, to the Philanthropic Institution, to be made up into a suit of

clothes. The clothes were, in due time, sent home to me, but without a bill, which was not delivered in till many days after, when, on looking over the different *items*, I discovered by a charge made for facings, that I had been grossly imposed upon, and that the coat had been *faced with old cloth*. Now, as I considered the quantity of cloth, which I sent to the Institution, to be amply sufficient for every purpose, I told the bearer of the bill, that I should not pay the demand, till I had duly examined into the matter.

"Accordingly, on the second application for payment, I roundly declared, that having positive proof of the fraud practised upon me, it was my firm intention not to pay the bill, until summoned so to do, which would afford me an opportunity of exposing the fraud to the public. In consequence of this determination, I received a summons, on the fifth of the present month, to appear at the Hundred Court, on the 6th inst. But not being able to attend that day, I called the very next morning, at the Philanthropic Institution, and having desired to speak with the clerk of the accounts, I was shown into the office, where I stated the ground of my complaint. The tailor was accordingly sent for, but happening not to be at home, I tendered to the clerk the sum of two pounds eight shillings, being the amount of the bill, after deducting three shillings and sixpence, which had been charged for the facings, and which I refused to pay. The clerk declined taking the money, but promised that he would himself remonstrate with the tailor on the subject, and let me know, in the course of the following day, the result by letter.

"Several days, however, having elapsed, without my receiving any note from the clerk, I again attended at the Institution, on the 12th inst. and stated my complaint to the clerk of the committee, who informed me that the committee would sit in about half an hour, but wished me previously to see the clerk of the accounts. I accordingly waited on the latter, who promised to send

to the tailor, Mr. Moore, in order that he might be present at the investigation. Having agreed to this request, I once more presented myself in the office of the committee, in full expectation of being speedily called in to explain my case, as I took it for granted, that the clerk had acquainted them with my being in attendance. But after waiting a considerable length of time to no purpose, instead of being sent for by the committee, I was requested to accompany the clerk of the accounts to his office, where I was given to understand, that the committee had instructed him to say, that he was at liberty to receive the amount of the bill, *without costs*. For some time I persisted in refusing to acquiesce in so unjust a proposal, inasmuch as the charge for facings was a gross and palpable imposition. But, at length, I deemed it most expedient to accede to the terms of the committee, and actually did pay the bill, with the deduction of costs, in order to save a lady, whose presence I found would be necessary, if I continued to litigate the business, to prove the measure of the cloth, the trouble and inconvenience of attending the Hundred Court, she not being at the time in a condition to travel.

“Now, Mr. Editor, permit me to ask, through the channel of your bold and independent Miscellany, whether frauds and impositions of this nature, practised by the agents of a charitable institution, in the first instance, and sanctioned, or at least not redressed, by the committee of that Institution, in the second place, are not sufficient to deter the public from encouraging such societies, by finding employment for industry at the risk of their property, the irritation of their feelings, and the indignities to which they are exposed, by the ignorance and wantonness of the subordinate retainers of office? No man, Mr. Editor, can be a greater advocate than myself for a charitable institution, which not merely provides for the wants and infirmities of our nature, but finds employment for honest industry, and furnishes scope for the exercise of talent and ingenuity. But that such benevo-

lent establishments should be perverted from their legitimate object; that frauds should be practised with effrontery; and suffered to exist with impunity; that complaints, instead of meeting with redress, should subject the individuals who make them, to personal contumely and insult, is an abuse of so flagrant a nature, that it calls loudly for investigation and reform. It is under this impression, Mr. Editor, that I have been induced to transmit you the above statement for insertion in your miscellany, hoping that it may cause those, who have the means of rectifying abuses, to direct their attention to their detection and reform.

"I am, &c.

"J. H—NGT—N."

Blackfriars-road, Feb. 18, 1816.

MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT,

OR;

*Plain and simple Truths and Questions, addressed to the
Right Honourable Lord Palmerston, His Majesty's
Secretary of State for the War Department.*

"Oh! it is excellent

To have a GIANT'S strength; but it is villainous

To use it, like a GIANT."

Measure for Measure.

At a moment like the present, my lord, when it is universally allowed, that at no period did the British character stand on so proud a pinnacle of military glory; when the exploits of our armies have eclipsed all former precedent, it is but natural to direct our attention as well to the admitted fact of this celebrity itself, as to the causes, which have led to, and in a great measure occasioned it.

Trite as may (from frequent and continued application) appear the proverb, it is no less true than trite, that

throughout the whole diversified range of human industry, effort, and enterprize, the "*hope of reward is the encourager of labour.*" This powerful excitement operates equally with all classes of society. The soldier and the artisan, the sailor and the mechanic, are alike moved and worked upon by the hope of gain. The truth of this axiom, in the aggregate, being admitted, let us, my lord, apply it to the particular case, as constituting the difference between the British service and the French.

In the British service, the government accounts with the soldier and the sailor for every moment of his time. If it be his lot to fall into the hands of the enemy; if he be doomed to endure a long, an irksome and protracted captivity; on his release from bondage and return to his native land, every farthing of his arrears is, *or at least ought to be*, paid up to him. Or, if it be his fate to end his days in captivity, he has still the right and the satisfaction of bequeathing whatever may be due to him from government, under the head of arrears, to whatever relative or friend he thinks proper to compliment with this posthumous proof of his regard.

In the French service, on the other hand, nothing of this generous spirit prevails, on the part of the government. The French soldier, from the moment he quits the territory of his own country, receives not one farthing of pay. If he falls into the hands of the enemy, the term of his captivity counts not to his advantage. Not one farthing of pay does the government allow him for years of hopeless and indefinite thralldom. If he dies in captivity, if the pitying hand of death at length puts a period to his sufferings and his woes, with his expiring breath expire all his claims upon the government. Nothing has he to bequeath to a disconsolate wife, or helpless child; nothing to bestow in testimony of attachment and regard, to a cherished relative or friend.

With such superior incitements, such superior remuneration, well may the British army and navy distinguish themselves by their zeal, their patriotism, and their va-

lour. Well fed, and well paid, enthusiastic ought they to feel, and so have they proved themselves to feel, in the cause of the country, which so liberally rewards and so bountifully supports its brave defenders. Whatever may be the ardour of troops, their principle of action ultimately resolves into *self*. The soldier has a personal interest in supporting that government, by which he is generously and liberally treated.

This position granted, and hardy indeed must be the man, who shall presume to controvert it; permit me, my lord, to put the plain and simple question, whether a departure from this principle must not necessarily be attended with serious detriment to the service? If the troops, generally speaking, entertained any doubt of the good faith of government towards themselves; if they apprehended any difficulty in the payment of their just claims and arrears, is it to be supposed that they would feel the same eagerness to volunteer danger in the service of their country; or exhibit the same proofs of loyalty, valour, and devotion, which so strongly illustrate and adorn their conduct? The case sufficiently speaks for itself. Most assuredly not.

Is it then true, my lord, that in a recent case this liberal system and rule of conduct, on the part of government, have been departed from, in the instance of an officer, attached to a foreign corps, in the service of Great Britain? Is it true that, owing to illness, distance of place, and a variety of untoward contingencies, this officer has, for years, been kept out of his legitimate claim? And, lastly, is it true, that after having presented a memorial to your lordship's honourable board; after having the legality of his claim admitted, after repeated communications, explanations, and details; is it true, that it has been ultimately signified to him, that his demand cannot be satisfied; not, forsooth, because the said claim is nugatory and confounded; but, *proh pudor!* because it *ought to have been paid and liquidated many years ago!!!*

Here, my Lord, is truly a curious mode of reasoning! here an extraordinary mode indeed of administering national justice and good faith! Had the claim been resisted, on the ground of its being unfounded and invalid, then indeed a refusal to satisfy it would not have carried with it, *prima facie*, all the symptoms and marks of injustice and bad faith;—then the question would still have been left open, as to the legitimacy and goodness of the claim. But what impression must a refusal, under the circumstances I have above stated, to satisfy the admitted demands of a British officer, produce upon the minds and conduct of the service at large? Will it not tend to weaken their confidence in the justice of government? Will it not naturally contribute to engender a spirit of distrust and discontent, especially among foreign troops, in the pay and alliance of Great Britain?

It is not improbable, my Lord, that this question may shortly be brought under discussion, before a tribunal of superior competency and authority than your lordship's office. It is not the case of an individual that is here at issue, the welfare of the state is involved, and the dearest interests of the country compromised. British officers have British feelings; they will ever know how to appreciate the value of a government, which, on its part, justly appreciates and so liberally rewards the services of its warriors and defenders. But if personal feeling is suffered to interfere, and turn aside the due administration of justice; if their rights are to be at the mercy of individual resentment and caprice, they will, as the greatest proof they can furnish of their loyalty and devotion to government, adopt constitutional methods to have their claims investigated, their wrongs redressed, and their rights enforced. It is neither the *smile*, nor yet the *frown* of a minister, that will paralyze their efforts.

I am, my Lord,

With every befitting sentiment of veneration and respect,
&c.

CENSORINUS.

PUBLIC NUISANCES.

SIR,

It is with unfeigned pleasure I find, that the proceedings on the indictment preferred at Guildhall against the Gas Light Company, on the plea of a nuisance, are likely to be abrogated and definitively set aside. The great practical utility of the undertaking; the security it affords to the nocturnal passenger; the check it imposes on the operations of the light-fingered gentry; in a word, all and several its results are such essential benefits to the public at large, that it is impossible to contemplate, without the deepest regret, the suppression or even suspension of so general and so great a good.

As in a vast metropolis like that of London, there ever will be found numbers of troublesome and officious individuals, who make it their chief study and delight to be meddling and finding fault, it strikes me, Mr. Editor, that such persons might at once gratify their natural disposition, in this respect, and at the same time perform an acceptable service to the community, if they would direct their attention, and employ their zeal on a variety of objects, which though tolerated by almost immemorial usage, rank not the less in the rubric of most insufferable nuisances. To instance only one among a host. The introduction of gas lights in the streets and shops of the metropolis conduces, beyond all calculation, to the safety and convenience of the passenger. But there is another kind of light, of very ancient date, which tends only to blind, to dazzle, and annoy the nocturnal pedestrian, without the least contingent good to weigh against its ill effects. I allude, Mr. Editor, to the general practice adopted by chymists, druggists, and apothecaries, of exposing in the evening in the windows of their shops certain large globular vessels, filled with different coloured liquids, which by the means of the reflexion of lamps or candles, produce by their artificial and obtrusive glare

such an effect upon the optics of the passenger, that he is struck, as it were, with momentary blindness. Frequent are the mishaps occasioned by this species of nuisance. Not only are passengers continually exposed to the danger of running foul of each other, at the risk of encountering broken pates, bloody noses, or poking each other's eyes out; but accidents of the most serious nature are occasionally the result of this preposterous and dangerous practice. Among other instances, permit me, Mr. Editor, to state that of a near relation, an uncle, who about six weeks ago in passing near Temple Bar, was so blinded by the effect of the false glare, proceeding from the coloured liquids exposed in the windows of a chymist's shop, that coming in contact with another man, he was not only knocked down by the shock of the encounter, but had his right arm fractured into the bargain.

Here then we see the existence of a great and dangerous public nuisance, without the least possibility of benefit or advantage from its toleration. Or, will the shopkeeper, who thus endangers the limbs and lives of his fellow citizens, alledge in extenuation of the offence, that he has no other method of making his shop noticed, and attracting custom? This is an excuse which will stand him in little stead. Is then the security of the public to be outweighed by the shop-keeper's private and individual convenience? Nay more, are there not ways in abundance to render a shop noticed, without exposing his Majesty's liege subjects to the danger of broken bones? If chemists will insist upon having illuminations in their shops to denote their calling, are there not many methods of effecting this purpose, without peril and inconvenience? Would not a transparency, lighted with gas, fully answer this end? Such expedients we find resorted to by many persons, who wish their premises to be distinguished. Thus the *Morning Chronicle* office, for instance, has a neat but inoffensive transparency over the door, which produces no ill effects upon the eyes of the passenger. And why should chemists, druggists, and apothecaries,

be privileged above other men to sport with the lives and persons of their fellow beings?

The nuisance, Mr. Editor, of which I here complain, is so generally disseminated throughout the metropolis, and the accidents and mishaps resulting therefrom so numerous, that I am not a little astonished the subject has not been officially taken up, and the nuisance itself put a stop to by the legislature. At all events, I consider it as a topic worthy of the most serious attention, and entitled to marked reprobation and exposure.

SIMPLEX.

Inner Temple, Feb. 12, 1816.

LORD ELGIN'S MARBLES.

"What man is there among you, who, if his son ask him for bread, would give him a stone?"

AFTER a prorogation, protracted almost beyond all precedent in the annals of parliament, the two houses of the legislature met, on the first of February, for the dispatch of public business. The session was opened by a speech delivered by commission, from the Prince Regent, in which his royal highness strongly recommends **ECONOMY**. The speech from the throne on such occasions, it is well known, is less that of the sovereign, than of his ministers. Hence it might naturally have been expected, that the recommendation of **ECONOMY**, by the Prince, spoke the wishes and intentions of ministers, and that the latter were actually determined to adopt a system of salutary retrenchment, in the various departments of the public service, in order to meet the exigencies and pressure of the times. This expectation, however, was almost immediately frustrated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, as well as Lord Castlereagh, but too soon threw off the mask, and with unblushing front fell to work at the augmentation of the burdens of the state.

Monuments not merely to the defenders of her country were proposed, but even to the defunct pretender to the British crown. Increase of salary was likewise moved by ministers to different public functionaries; in a word, every part of their conduct, since the commencement of the present sessions, is in direct opposition to the system of economy, recommended in the speech of his royal highness, and may not unaptly be termed a downright libel and burlesque upon it. At the very moment that the table of the House of Commons may be literally said to groan under the weight of petitions laid upon it, from every district of the kingdom, complaining of the difficulties of the times, and the overwhelming distress of the country, the most lavish grants and the most reprehensible expenditure of public treasure are moved for, sanctioned, and enforced by ministers.

Proceeding on the same principle, preaching economy and at the same time practising the most prodigal waste, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a motion in the House of Commons, on Friday, 23d February, the object of which was the purchase with the national purse of the marbles of the Earl of Elgin. These marbles were obtained by his lordship, during his embassy at the Ottoman Porte. Whatever ministers and their advocates may pretend, it is well known that his lordship did not possess himself of this collection, by *bona fide* purchase. Most amply did our ambassador at the court of Constantinople avail himself of the authority attached to his diplomatic mission, and the influence which the British government, from its political preponderancy in Europe, exercises over the councils of the divan. It was not as a *private individual* that Lord Elgin acquired the possession of the works of art in question; but as the *representative* of the British crown. It was not the *purse* of Lord Elgin, but the *public situation* which his lordship held, that furnished him with the means of procuring the so-called *Elgin marbles*.

Viewing the business therefore in this its true light,

we feel no hesitation in declaring, that in our firm opinion the property of the said marbles is not constitutionally vested in his lordship. All the claim the Earl of Elgin can in justice make upon the country, is to be reimbursed the expence he may have been at in collecting and transporting them. So much for the *abstract* question, independent of all reference to existing circumstances. But when we come to cast an eye upon the situation of the country; when we pass under review the pressure of public calamity and distress; when we reflect that at this very moment thousands of the labouring poor are perishing for want—that in every district of the kingdom numbers of industrious families are actually starving—that the mechanic has no employment; the labourer no work—that our manufactories are completely at a stand, our trade ruined; the agricultural interest totally subverted—when we look at the formidable list of bankrupts which blazons forth the flourishing state of commerce in the Gazette—when we advert to the lamentable condition of the Spitalfields weavers, of whom not less than eight thousand, at the lowest calculation, are suffering all the horrors of famine—when we reflect on all these complicated details of misery and wretchedness, well may we ask, with mingled sensations of indignation and regret—“Is this a time to throw away the nation’s money, in the acquirement of superfluities? Is this a time to sport with the public purse, and lay out thousands on the purchase of marbles, when thousands are crying for bread?”

Such is the language, we should conceive ourselves warranted in making use of, were the marbles in question the legitimate, the *bona fide*, and *fairly-purchased* property of the noble earl. But, when we consider the circumstances under which they came into the possession of his lordship; when we investigate the manner in which they were obtained, and confront the so much vaunted *patriotic principle* of their collection, with that of their *proffered sale*, our indignation at such spurious preten-

sions more than redoubles. Well may the Right Honorable Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his well-conned and premeditated speech, declare it to be "*one of the most wonderful events of an age of wonders, that the works of PHIDIAS should become the property of a NATIVE OF CALEDONIA!!!*" Little—we are charitably led to suppose—little did the right honorable gentleman perceive the force and extent of the *satire* he was pronouncing, in these words, upon his lordship! Wonderful indeed is it, that JOHN BULL should be such an inveterate dupe, such an incorrigible gull to sycophants and *court-mendicants*, that, not content with paying certain public paupers most amply for the honour they do him, in living in a style of princely grandeur and magnificence, *at his expence*, and fattening on the produce of taxes, *raised by the sweat of his brow*; he even begs, as a mighty favour, to be allowed to pay the said parties handsomely for the spoils and depredations they have made, on the strength and credit of his name and reputation for "*a good, easy fool!*" Lord Elgin's views in *subtilizing* the said marbles, we are told by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were "*solely directed to the advancement of the arts.*" It is well the right honorable gentleman did not specify under *what* description the *arts*, to which he alluded, fall. Had he unfortunately mentioned the *fine arts*, it is not impossible but the *art of legerdemain* might have been added to their number!

In a period of unprecedented difficulty like the present; at a time, when the grand question is, "*will the vessel of the state sink, or swim?*" no plea whatever can be offered in justification of prodigality and wanton expenditure. Not a farthing of the public money, under existing circumstances, ought to be thrown away on superfluities. Better feed the bodies of the famished poor; better put a crust of bread into the mouth of a starving mechanic, than dilapidate the almost exhausted resources of the nation, to pamper Caledonian lords! Better rescue thousands from want and lingering death, than purchase EVEN THE

WORKS OF PHIDIAS from a rapacious *ci-devant* diplomatic, whilst the state is bleeding at every pore! Better, infinitely better; better and in every sense more honourable is it for a nation to keep in employment thousands of industrious and meritorious citizens, than to drain her last resources, in order to possess a few marbles for the gratification of idle curiosity, or of pampered taste! It is a downright mockery; it is an insult offered to a loyal and suffering country, which has patiently borne all the burdens and exactions of upwards of twenty years of warfare and calamity, to talk of the glory it will reap, by submitting to still greater denials and privations, in order to have a few more statues to look at, a few more works of art to gaze upon! The father of a family, gasping at the last extremity, *through inanition*, and viewing with lack-lustre eye the partner of his bed, the wife of his bosom, with her wretched offspring, perishing at his side, will little bless in his expiring moments the memory of the right honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for purchasing *out of the sweat of his brow*, whilst enabled to labour, cold lifeless marble, and bragging of the good he thereby renders to the state. As little will he invoke the benedictions of heaven on the noble earl, who after having most amply availed himself of all the wealth and ascendancy of his country, of which he was the delegated, the well-fed and well-paid representative, now comes "cap in hand," *in forma pauperis*, and with all the disinterested patriotism of a genuine Caledonian, humbly begs to add to the burdens of the country, and increase the misery of the poor, by selling to the state *at a high price*, what he acquired in a manner *gratis*! Such wanton disregard of all moral fitness and decorum, such flagrant instances of cupidity and rapacity, on the part of the higher classes, the privileged orders of the state, tend more than a thousand inflammatory and seditious harangues, to sap the pillars of the constitution, to undermine the props of national security, and usher in the reign of anarchy and confusion.

Were ministers in earnest, when they make their master prate of *ECONOMY*? Did these specious, but deluding professions, proceed from their heart? Were it really their wish to alleviate the burdens of the state, and to lighten the pressure of national distress, a plain and direct mode for effecting this desirable object, lies open to them. Instead of augmenting salaries, and multiplying sinecures; instead of recruiting the phalanx of state-locusts, of placemen and of pensioners, let them be the first to set the laudable example of disinterestedness and of self-denial. As *honourable* men, let them set up *honour*, as their rule and principle of action. Let them serve the sovereign and the state, not for extravagant salaries, not for sordid lucre and vile gain, but from *patriotism*! Let the *honour* of holding such high and confidential situations be their sole and competent reward. Why, when the nation is reduced to the very verge of bankruptcy; when ruin stares us full in the face; when the heavy load of taxation cripples the vital energies of trade and commerce, why is it necessary that ministers should revel in luxury, maintain princely establishments, and by their unbounded prodigality, insult and mock the public distress? Have we then no men of sufficient talent and sufficient patriotism among us, to *volunteer* the service of the state, in the different departments of office, without fee and emolument? Are there, amongst the whole population of the united kingdom, no persons to be found sufficiently loyal to their sovereign, and sufficiently devoted to their country's welfare, to perform the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Minister for the home, or for the foreign department; Secretary at War, &c. &c. at reduced salaries? Suppose every holder of high official situations under the crown, were to make the sacrifice of *one-half* of his emoluments, what a momentous benefit would thereby accrue to the state! The names of such patriotic and disinterested ministers would be transmitted with transcendent glory to the latest posterity; their descendants would inherit their well-earned fame, and a

grateful country would resound with the praises of its benefactors! Blessings would be invoked upon their heads from every mouth, and happy mothers would teach their lisping babes to prattle forth their panegyrics! How far superior to a feeling mind and noble soul must such a remuneration for public services appear, to the present exorbitant salaries, extorted by ministers from the distress of the country, and loaded with the maledictions of the poor, whose faces they so unrelentingly grind!

LYSIMACHUS.

Upper Harley Street, 24th Feb. 1816.

PUNISHMENT OF SUICIDE.

SIR,

I HAVE experienced more than ordinary satisfaction from the perusal of the bold and manly essay, signed *LYSIMACHUS*, on the subject of *National Abuses, Gothic Customs, and Barbarous Laws*, inserted in the last number of your publication. Most particularly was I pleased with his animadversions on the inhumanity of the law, relative to the ignominious sepulture of those unhappy and unfortunate beings, who are driven by desperation to the rash act of *suicide*. To bury such persons in the cross roads, to mutilate their mortal remains, and thrust a stake through their body, is, as the author very justly observes, an outrage to humanity, in the first instance, and, secondly, a misapplication of the principles which alone can justify man for punishing his fellow-man, inasmuch as it neither avenges the crime, nor deters from its commission; inasmuch, as it is not the *guilty* but the *innocent* who suffer and feel the punishment; inasmuch, lastly, as it is the surviving friends and relatives of the defunct, and not the defunct himself, by whom the effects of this cruel and barbarous law are suffered.

But, with all due deference to the author of the aforesaid essay, with all befitting respect for his bold and man-

ly exposure of grievances and abuses, permit me to observe, Mr. Editor, that on the subject of *suicide*, he has neglected to point out one of the most crying acts of injustice, connected with the law, as it at present stands, and of which probably many of your readers are not aware. Not content with harrassing the feelings of the surviving friends of the unhappy being, who, goaded by insupportable misery, puts an end to his wretched existence, the same law, which prescribes the outrage and mutilation of the body of the defunct, condemns his relatives and heirs to pecuniary loss, to confiscation and despoilment. A verdict of *felo de se*, returned by the coroner's jury, carries with it the alienation of all the property, of whatsoever nature, belonging to the deceased, *in favour of the crown!* Will any candid and impartial enquirer pronounce such a statute to be just? Is it not a most flagrant infraction of all right? Is it not worse than even the Mosaic doctrine of *visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children?* Is it not barbarous, wanton, and inhuman to the last degree?

And here let me not be told, that it is a law seldom acted upon.—The *frequency* or the *rarity* of legal barbarity and aggression has nothing to do with the abstract question of its justice and propriety. To the disgrace of a civilized age, and of an enlightened country, the law exists upon our statute-book. If it be not more frequently put in force, it is not owing to the enlarged views of our legislature, nor yet to the wisdom of our tribunals, that the sting of this barbarous statute is blunted, and in a great measure rendered harmless. It is to its pecuniary consequences, as affecting family interests, that we are indebted for the compromise and evasion of a positive law. Had poor *Monies*, whose case is so ably touched upon in the last number of the SCOURGE, possessed the fortune of a * * * *, a * * * *, or several other suicides of rank and opulence, a verdict of *felo de se* would never have been returned against him; his mortal remains would not have been doomed to ignominious sepulture and mutilation, nor would the public executioner

have been charged with his funeral rites and obsequies. It is an accredited axiom in politics, that what is law for *one*, ought to be law for *all*. Justice ought to be equally and impartially administered. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that you will not deem the above remarks unworthy of a place in your miscellany, I have the honour to subscribe myself, &c.

Hackney, 16th February, 1816.

HUMANITAS.

MR. DANIEL, AND HIS "ROYAL STRIPES."

To the EDITOR of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

MR. GEORGE DANIEL, Author of *Royal Stripes*, and *The Modern Dunciad*, at p. 19, 20 and 21 of the preface to the latter work, has *beautifully* expressed his wishes of what should be performed, after his departure from this sublunary abode, in some of the *most pathetic and exquisite* "STANZAS" the world, perhaps, ever saw:—But their *beauty* has been *eminently improved*, since the publication of the "*Fourth Edition*" of the "*Dunciad*;" and I am authorised, as *his amanuensis*, to transcribe, and forward to you the said verses, so ameliorated, of which the following is a genuine copy.

I am also, Sir, desired to inform you, and consequently your readers, that the *last* edition of the *M. D.* (*misnomered the fourth*) is, *bona fide*, nothing more than the *old edition* embellished with a *new preface*, of two sheets, i. e. of 32 pages, 16 of which, nearly, are engrossed by *my friend, Mr. Daniel*, in the promulgation of my (1) *poetical capabilities, critical acumen, and satirical asperity*. Your readers need not, however, put themselves to the

(1) The reader will be *much amused* with *Mr. Daniel's* elaborate catalogue of *Tom Shuffleton's Literary Productions*, in his late *new preface* to the *old edition* of "*The Modern Dunciad*," to which he is referred with much satisfaction by the writer of the preceding letter.

expence of *six shillings*, for the purpose of learning the history of so distinguished a character as *Tom*, as the whole of that *delicious morçeau* will be comprehended in the forthcoming production, from which the following lines are taken.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
And very humble servant,

TOM(2) SHUFFLETON.

Dublin, 18th February, 1816.

STANZAS,

*Intended to be inserted in the FIFTH EDITION of Mr.
George Daniel's "Modern Dunciad."*

WHEN Death has smote my *sconce of clay*,
And all my *scandal's* pass'd away ;
When, after many a searching bout,
My readers find my meanings out,
Those meanings which *by chance* I hit,
And cherish'd for *their lack of wit*,
I only trust some *worthy friend*
Will still his kind assistance lend,
And that, when in the tomb I stink,
No longer bless'd with pen and ink,

Some *generous* (3)W——n, whom I serv'd,
Will tell the world I never swerv'd
From *Folly's shrine*, but bent me there
In fervent penitence and pray'r,

(2) *Mr. Daniel* fancies that *Tom* has an idea, that the public will imagine his writings are the productions of *Tom Moore*: how can he suppose so, when the said *Tom* is actually honoured by *Tom Shuffleton's* encomiums at page 81 of his work, in an epistle to Harry ——, Esq. How such a conceit entered the brains of *poor George*, I cannot tell ;—

N'importe, we must, of course be kind,
To *snarling puppies*, when they're *blind* !

(3) This a very proper epithet for our author's *jocular* publisher: I don't know any man, who has more of "*the milk of human kindness*" in his veins than Mr. W——; and than his

Lest some officious wits should say,
That *wisdom* overlook'd my lay,
And round my tomb their sports commence,
In honour of my *common sense*.

And let that friend, with truth, assert
That, wanting *money, food, and shirt*,
I ventur'd, spite of *law and reason*,
On *slander, libels, lies, and treason*,—
And when M'M——n brought the *stuff*,⁽⁴⁾
Resign'd the "STRIPES," rejoic'd enough;
And, seeing all my perils o'er,
Went squibbing on in hopes of more :
Then, having reach'd my heart's desire,
I turn'd a *most egregious liar*,
(My fears at rest—my spirits glad)
And wrote "THE MODERN DUNCIAD."

Let no *Tom Shuffleton*—nor *Clarke*—
Nor (5) *Gwilliam*, that *remorseless shark*,
Tell where I stole my *tuneful rhymes*,
Nor how I *wallow'd in my crimes*,
But let my *libels*, like myself,
Be laid on subterranean shelf,
Where theft subsides, where gold's as vain,
As all *th' abortions of my brain*—
Tom fibs me not,—nor e'en his (6) *whip*
Can round my shrinking buttocks clip!

a more liberal and perspicacious mind cannot be encountered ;
nevertheless it is greatly to be lamented that,

A soul so noble, generous, and sublime,
Should feed such *dirty drivellers* in rhyme.—

(4) THE BRIBE received for the suppression of Mr. Daniel's
"*Royal Stripes*."

(5) A gentleman, whom Mr. Daniel celebrates in his pre-
face ;—be it understood that he is a "*gentleman*" of the "*Dun-
ciad*."

(6) This alludes to a supposed horse-whipping received by the
author of the M. D. from *Tom Shuffleton*, particularly de-
tailed in "THE PROCESSION," a Poem at the end of the "*IM-
MORTAL DUNCE*," in honour of *Mr. Daniel*, which *procession*
terminates with the *pillory* !

Yes, in the grave the blows I got
 Shall change their color, as I rot,—
 And even *Gwilliam's* hardy fist,
 In that "*obstruction cold*" be miss'd!
Sense, feeling, all, save *Dulness*, there
 Shall die in passionless despair;—
She, bending o'er my *drowsy head*,
 Shall drop her heavy show'r of *lead*,
 Cheer my poor soul, and speed it well
 Down to the *lowest depths of hell*!—

From "THE IMMORTAL DUNCE; or, an *Author Be-*
devilled: being a copious narrative of the literary career
 " of *George Daniel*, author of "*The Modern Dunciad*"
 " —"*The Royal Stripes*"—and sundry other *Poetical*
 " *Squibs*, well known at *The Royal Exchange*, wherein
 " will be detailed his *sorry plagiarisms* and violations of
 " decency, *grammar*, and common sense. By the Edi-
 " tor of *Tom Shuffleton's Amatory Poems*."

(MOTTO.)

" Firmer than brass, than Egypt's piles sublimer,
 " I've rais'd a monument for *Dan the Rhymer*,
 " Which nor the levelling storm, nor boreal blast,
 " Nor thrice the sum of years already past
 " Shall e'er deface: for ever shall it stand
 " To awe each *lib'ling rascal* of the land!"

Adapted from Horace.

THE CONTRAST;

OR,

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

So wrote the gallant and certainly not inexperienced
 poet OVID, nearly two thousand years ago, and the re-
 cord of daily occurrences and events bears but too con-

vincing testimony to the truth of his assertion. That a material change has taken place, and regularly continues to take place in the *physical* world ; that the seasons, for instance, are almost totally reversed ; that we have warm weather in winter, and cold in summer ; enlivening sunshine in November, and fogs and gloom in June, has been the general complaint, for these forty years past. And well, indeed, would it be for the happiness of mankind, if this state of continual change, this complete overthrow of the ancient system of things, were confined exclusively to *physical* objects. Well would it be for our domestic comforts, for our household peace, and the general character of the present generation, if our *morals* had not experienced equally as great a change, equally as baneful a subversion, as the "*skyey influences*," to which frail humanity is subjected.

But, when we turn our eye to this side of the picture, the change is mighty and alarming indeed. *Formerly*, the distinguishing *traits* in the female character were modesty and diffidence ; *now*, these qualifications are perfectly exploded, and unabashed effrontery and invincible impudence have usurped their place. *Formerly*, the female countenance was suffused and tinged with an involuntary blush, if the eye caught accidentally a fixed and significant stare from the other sex. *Now* the case is completely altered. A lady of *ton* and of fashion, so far from reddening up to the ears, as our grandmothers were wont to do, when they find themselves the object of marked and obtrusive care, now returns you stare for stare. Nay, in nine instances out of ten, she completely gains the day, in this rivalry of rudeness, and looks her man fairly out of countenance. *Formerly*, young and unmarried ladies were really ignorant on certain points, which now constitute the main and leading topics of fashionable conversation. *Formerly*, the ladies blushed from delicacy and modest shame, now they blush to conceal the want and absence of those virtues.

But, if such a general and formidable change has taken

place in the female character and habits, how much more dreadful and alarming is the revolution in the *male sex* ! Formerly, in order to captivate a young and unhacknied female heart, it was necessary to cultivate the arts of pleasing, and the worshipper at Beauty's shrine was compelled to seek to distinguish himself, by a marked superiority in every manly accomplishment, before he dared hope to insinuate himself into the good graces of his mistress. How lamentably is the case now altered and reversed ! Instead of aiming to surpass his competitors in gallantry, in courage, in magnanimity, and heroic enterprise, the modern beau, who sets himself up for a professed admirer of the ladies, and who is publicly regarded as a distinguished favourite with the fair sex, confines his ambition to a superiority in every quality and attribute, which degrades the manly character. He vies with the leading bucks of the day, not in gallant achievement, but in puppyism ; he vaunts a superiority, not in fair and honourable acquirements, but in the low and despicable tricks, which degrade man to the level of a monkey. It is to beings of this description, that may justly be applied the well-known Latin aphorism, respecting the *Ape* :

"Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis!"

If we follow up the investigation, and pursue the comparison between the habits and pursuits in vogue and fashion at the present day, with those of former times, we shall find the contrast still more striking and humiliating. Formerly the connexion between husband and wife was founded on reciprocal liking, and their interests were understood to be mutual. Formerly it was not the fashion for a husband to be ashamed of professing some little love and regard for his wife, and *vice versa*, the wife, without blushing, might avow a moderate share of affection for her husband. Now the state of things in this respect is totally changed ; now few, if any, relative ties and duties are allowed to exist between a fashionable wedded pair. Formerly, to paint the matter in a stronger light, formerly, as we are credibly informed by grave historians, and by the most celebrated poets, a husband

disconsolate at the loss of his wife, would go *even to hell*, (as did Orpheus) in quest of his beloved partner, and by his prayers and tears, move even the stern majesty of Pluto, to restore his wedded mate to his arms! Now, on the other hand, if we may credit daily report, and the printed authority of those oracles of the age, the public newspapers; now we are told, that there are husbands, and those not a few, who, like the Thracian bard, would go *boldly enough to hell*, not to recover their own wife, but the wife of their neighbour or friend! Nay, there are many, it seems, who almost go to hell themselves, merely to get rid of their own wives, without any prospect of obtaining another in return!!!

Thus we have lately read, in the oracles above alluded to, of a certain modern *Orpheus*, who is running a race to hell as fast as he can, not with his own *Eurydice*, but with that of another man. Again, have not the public journals lately blazoned forth a certain *matrimonial fracas* in high life, where, from the habits and pursuits of the husband, we might justly have expected nothing but *Harmony* and *Concord* to prevail? Occasional bickerings and turmoils, we know, will happen in the best regulated families; but when we behold domestic strife and warfare raging between wedded persons, whose hymeneal union has scarcely yet counted “twelve waning moons,” we cannot but grieve, that human bliss should be subject to such quick and sudden reverse! In a recent instance, such a vicissitude may assume the denomination of a *poetical flight of fancy*, with a vengeance.

“Quod si Threicio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Læsus, crede mihi, non Amor amplius
Unquam vincula copulet!”

But, to drop the chapter of matrimonial change and revolution, let us enquire how far the fashion and practice of former times square or contrast with the experience of the present day, in the observance of other ties and duties, by which individuals, as well as states, are joined and linked together. Let, us for instance, pass under cursory review, how the case stands with respect to the sacred tie of friendship. Formerly persons professing this sentiment for each other, would go to as great lengths for their friends, as did in former times husbands, from the ardour of their love, for their wives. Thus we find *Theseus* accompanied *Pirithous* to hell itself, in quest of a wife for his friend! *Pylades* maintained a loving contest with *Orestes*, which should suffer death in lieu of the

other ! *Damon* became pledge and security for the return of his friend *Pythias*, condemned to death by *Dionysius* ! Where shall we look for such rare examples of unshaken friendship, in the present day ? The modern practice of friendship resolves itself into a widely different system. It is the present fashion among persons professing friendship, in high life, to rob friends of their *fortune*, if of the *male sex*, of their *virtue* and their *reputation*, if *females*.

Pass we from this consideration to that of *patriotism*, a virtue formerly in high sanctity and reputation among the Greeks and Romans. But, if we wish to acquire a clear idea of the meaning of the word, according to the acceptation and practice of the present day, we cannot possibly exhibit the contrast between antient and modern patriotism in a stronger point of view, than by directing our eye to the manner, in which the members of a certain august assembly *once* obtained and held a seat therein, and the mode, which is *now* resorted to and adopted for this self-same purpose. *Formerly* patriots waited to be urged and importuned to accept of a seat in the said council ; *now* they canvass, intrigue, swear deeply, and as deeply forswear themselves, to accomplish this desirable object. *Formerly* they were paid for their loss of time and trouble in the service of their country ; *now* they lavish thousands to get in, and once snugly seated *pay themselves a thousand fold*, for the expence they have incurred in the first instance, and the *queer kind of work*, to which they occasionally *condescend to stoop*, in the second. *Formerly* they gloried in *independence* ; *now* they vaunt their *vassalage*. *Formerly* they *controlled the minister* ; *now* they *submit to be themselves controlled*, by the servants of the crown. *Formerly* they represented their constituents ; *now* they are representatives, *without constituents* ! In a word, the whole system of things is so totally changed, and avowedly little for the better, that we cannot more energetically describe the difference between the *present* and the *past* ; between *ancient* and *modern* times, than in the following words of *Æneus*, when deploring the overthrow of his native country :

———“ FUI MUS Troes, FUIT Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum ! ”

Richmond, Feb. 18th, 1816.

ÆSOP.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY-LANE.

Thursday, February 1st.—*Accusation*; or, *The Family of Anglade—Who's Who?*—The managers of both the regular metropolitan winter theatres, appear to be struggling, as it were, for a wager, which of the two houses shall most effectually debauch the public taste, and pay court to the Parisian stage, by the introduction of French dramas, to the total neglect of the native talent of the country. The well known compilation of *Causes Celebres*, which furnished not only the rival theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, but that of the Lyceum likewise, with the *Maid and the Magpie*, has again been put into requisition, and a drama fabricated from one of its numerous cases for the Parisian stage, was, on the same evening, represented in an English translation, at both houses.

The plot of *Accusation*, which, at Drury-lane, is a three-act piece, hinges on a robbery committed on a lady, who lodges under the same roof with Mons. *D'Anglade*, and for which the latter gentleman is arrested by the police, under very suspicious circumstances, and sent to prison. *Valmore*, an unprincipled libertine, has conceived a guilty passion for the wife of *D'Anglade*. He makes an avowal of his criminal desires to the lady, but meeting with merited repulse, he vows revenge against the husband, and to accomplish this purpose, corrupts a faithless *valet de chambre* to rob his aunt, who, as already stated, resides in the same hotel with *D'Anglade*. In pursuance of his diabolical plan for ruining the object of his jealousy and hate, the stolen property is conveyed into *D'Anglade's* apartments, where it is found by the agents of the police. The latter, of course, becomes the victim of apparent guilt, and is taken into custody, on the charge of theft. But the faithless *valet de chambre*, with the rest of *Valmore's* accomplices, are subsequently detected in the act of decamping with the stolen goods. They are severally stopped by the domestics of the accused, and being separately made to believe that he has been betrayed by one of the confederates in the robbery, ample confession is thereby extorted from them, and *D'Anglade's* innocence established. Thus baffled in his base designs, *Valmore* commits suicide, and his intended victim is restored to liberty and reputation.

The incidents on the whole are rather meagre, and the general texture of the plot slight. Mr. Rae sustained in a very creditable style the part of *D'Anglade*, and Miss Kelly gave a very interesting personation of the virtuous wife. The villainous character of *Valmore* was assigned to Mr. Wallack, who did it ample justice. Mrs. Glover ably represented the *Aunt*, and displayed much talent in her performance.

A rustic dance, in the first act, furnished Mr. Oscar Byrne and Miss Smith with a favourable opportunity of displaying the suppleness and agility of their limbs. Some part of the

scenery is entitled to the highest praise, particularly a view of the setting sun, exhibiting in a most masterly manner the gradual decline of that glorious luminary, and the progressive melting away of his rays, if we may be allowed the phrase, from the warm glow of full splendour into the softened tints of twilight. It was in no respect inferior to Louthembourg's celebrated scene, in the *Eidophusicon*. The view of the passage of the illuminated gondolas was likewise very greatly and very deservedly applauded.

Saturday, February 10th.—*Merchant of Bruges—Rosina*.—The comic opera of *Rosina*, which was performed this evening for the first time this season, introduced two new candidates for Thespian honours, in the persons of two sisters, the Misses E. and S. Halford, being, as we are informed by the bills, their first appearance on any stage. The former personated *Rosina*, the latter *Phæbe*. Though the assertion of the present being a *maiden essay*, on the part of the above two ladies, be not strictly consonant with fact, (both of them having sung at Vauxhall gardens,) they nevertheless laboured under great apparent diffidence and timidity, which naturally could not fail to prove a momentous drawback to a fair display of their powers. It is but justice, however, to say, that their performance was not discreditable to their pretensions. Miss E. Halford, in the character of *Rosina*, gave effect to the beautiful airs of Shield: her voice is sweet and pleasing, and she sings with simplicity and feeling. Miss S. Halford's voice, from what we have hitherto witnessed of her performance, does not fully come up to the standard of her sister's. They have since repeated their respective parts, with increasing applause; and on Monday, Feb. 19th, came forward in the musical farce of the *Poor Soldier—Nora*, by Miss E., and *Kathleen*, by Miss S. Halford, their first appearance in those characters.

Tuesday, February 13th.—*Lover's Vows—Mail Coach Passengers*.—A new farce, in two acts, under the latter title, was, this evening, performed for the *first*, and it is with little regret we add for the *last* time. Useless were it to enter into an analysis of a piece, which was, literally speaking, strangled in the birth. We wage not war with the tomb! we rake not the ashes of the dead! *Requiescat ergo in pace*; and with respect to its pretensions, let us adhere to the charitable maxim. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Thursday, February 15th.—*Macbeth—Harlequin and Fancy*.—Their Imperial Highnesses the Arch dukes of Austria, honoured Drury-lane theatre, this evening, with their presence. They were received with all befitting honours, by Messrs. Dibdin and Rae, the managers, who conducted them to his majesty's box. The national air of "*God save the king*," was sung in full chorus; to which succeeded, in compliment to their imperial highnesses, the German hymn, "*God preserve the emperor*." The illustrious visitors appeared highly gratified with the performances.

ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF MISS KELLY.

Saturday, February 17th.—*Siege of Belgrade—Modern Antiques ; or, Merry Mourners.*—The performances of this evening are rendered remarkable, by an occurrence, which menaced the life of that pleasing and truly meritorious actress, Miss Kelly. On this lady's coming on the stage, in the farce, in the character of *Nan*, and whilst in the act of embracing *Joe*, who was represented by Mr. Knight, the audience was thrown into a state of sudden consternation and alarm, by the discharge of a pistol from the pit, levelled in that direction of the stage, where Miss Kelly stood. The person committing this outrage, was immediately seized by the constables in attendance, and conveyed to the public office, Bow-street, where he underwent an immediate examination before Mr. Birnie. He stated his name to be George Barnett, that he was about twenty-two years of age, and was employed in the office of a law-stationer. On being questioned, as to his knowledge of Miss Kelly, and what could be his motives for such a desperate attack upon that lady's life, he replied, that Miss Kelly could herself give the best explanation on that head. After further examination, the culprit was conveyed to Tothill-fields Bridewell.

It appears, that Miss Kelly had latterly received certain incoherent letters, with the signature of G. Barnett, to which she paid little attention, conceiving them to be unworthy of serious comment. One of them, however, being accompanied with a direct menace upon her life, in case she did not return his passion, Miss Kelly very prudently communicated the same to some confidential friends, and amongst others, to the Honourable George Lamb, one of the gentlemen of the new administration of Drury-lane theatre. Further Miss Kelly had no knowledge whatever of the writer, who, this evening, proceeded to carry his threats into execution, by deliberately firing at this amiable actress, whilst in the discharge of her professional duty.

The consternation produced, throughout every part of the house, by this desperate act, may be more easily imagined than described. Miss Kelly was led off the stage by Mr. Knight, in a state of extreme agitation. Mr. Rae thereupon made his appearance, and after announcing the arrest of the culprit, promised, as soon as the evening's performances should be terminated, to put the audience in possession of such facts and details, as might be brought to light in the course of the examination of the offender. This promise was received with symptoms of marked and strong approbation, by the audience. The farce was then proceeded with, and Miss Kelly re-appeared upon the stage, though under much visible anxiety and trepidation. She was cheered in the most flattering manner, by the audience, who unanimously testified the highest interest in the welfare of this amiable performer.

On the falling of the curtain, Mr. Rae came forward, agreeably to promise, and stated that, from what had transpired on the

examination of the culprit, there was little doubt but he laboured under mental derangement. Barnett has subsequently been conveyed to Newgate, to take his trial at the next sessions of the Old Bailey, and Mr. Ward, secretary to the committee of Drury-lane theatre, has been bound in recognizances to prosecute for the offence. Till he shall, therefore, have been brought to trial, we conceive it indecorous on our part, to offer any further comment on the transaction, which might tend to pre-judge the cause, or criminate the offender, who, in a constitutional point of view, like all other persons in a state of accusation, is to be presumed innocent, till his guilt shall be proved and averred by a jury of his peers.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Comparatively speaking, the campaign at this theatre, for the last month, presents little of novelty, or of prominent feature. Yet, although it has neither produced a dramatic abortion, like that of *Mail-coach Passengers*, nor yet been signalized by a catastrophe, similar to that which we have just commented upon at Drury-lane, the Covent-garden managers may still boast, that what little has been done, has been done well. Our report for the present month is limited to two objects—the first, the production of a new piece from the French, entitled *The Port Folio*; or *The Anglade Family*; and secondly, the revival of Shakspeare's excellent play of *Measure for Measure*.

Thursday, February 8th.—*Measure for Measure*—*Killing no Murder*.—This admirable play was revived this evening, at Covent-garden theatre, for the purpose of bringing out Miss O'Neill in a new part, that of *Isabella*. We allow that, in this latter character, Miss O'Neill has not that ample range for the display of what, in the eyes of the major part of our theatrical critics, constitutes her *forte*, and primary excellence, and of which she so successfully avails herself, in many other of her representations. We allude to scenes of tenderness and refined sensibility, to situations which call into action all the softer passions of the heart, and harrow up the soul with the agony of human suffering. But we cannot agree with those judges, who conceive Miss O'Neill's delineation of the dignified virtue, the heroic courage, the strong sisterly affection, the magnanimous suffering of the amiable *Isabella* inferior to her former efforts. What can be more forcible, what more pathetic, and truly touching, than her appeal to *Angelo*, in favour of her condemned brother *Claudio*! With what exquisite truth does she deliver our immortal bard's emphatic eulogy of the godlike attribute of mercy! With what truly Roman or Spartan fortitude does she prepare her unhappy brother for his untimely fate, rather than that he should purchase his life, at the expence of his sister's honour! With what glowing indignation does she abjure all affinity and alliance with him, when she beholds

him wavering in his resolutions, and eager to consent to his sister's shame, in order to prolong a forfeit life. These are all and several touches, in Miss O'Neill's delineation, which evince the hand of a consummate proficient and judge of the art. Insensible must be the bosom that does not feel their justice, cold and deadened the heart, which does not vibrate in unison with their magic touch!

Several of the other parts in the play were ably cast. Mr. Young's *Duke*, from first to last, as well when he supports his high rank and station, as when he assumes the garb of a *friar*, was a finished performance, blending dignity with ease, and firmness with feeling. Mr. Terry's *Angelo* may perhaps be liable to the objection of being on the whole too formal, and betraying at times too palpable symptoms of hypocrisy, for his character to have so long remained misunderstood. But he is not devoid of energy, nor does he give into the opposite extreme of rant. Mr. Murray, as *Escalus*, as in all his other characters, is highly respectable. Mr. C. Kemble's *Claudio* partakes of his wonted fault, to wit, that of exaggerated acting and overstrained declamation. *Ars maxima celare artem.*

In the lighter parts of the play, Mr. Jones is entitled to much applause, for his spirited personation of the gay, the thoughtless and volatile *Lucio*. Mr. Liston's *Pompey* is a truly ludicrous performance. The same may be said of Mr. Menage's *Froth*. Mr. Blanchard does justice to the shallow, conceited part of *Elbow*—and the brutalized *Barnardine* could not easily be assigned to abler hands than those of Mr. Emery.

The female characters, with the exception of Miss O'Neill, are cast entirely into the back ground. Mrs. Davenport, as Mrs. *Overdone*, cannot be accused of falling short of her task. As for *Francisca*, she is little better than a mere walking part; and Mrs. Fawcet, as *Mariana*, does not make her appearance, till towards the close of the play.

The house, on the first representation of *Measure for Measure*, this evening, was crowded to overflow, in every part, before the drawing-up of the curtain. The applauses bestowed on Miss O'Neill, as well as on others of the principal *dramatis personæ*, were loud, unanimous, and reiterated, and the play continues to be repeated to brilliant audiences, with increasing approbation.

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Mr. Bull, me no come here to spy de
nakednefs of your land but to cover
my own, me help to cros de breed.

Lack a day! where shall we find
Now the Property Tax is abolish'd.

D—n the line
devilish well
(nakednefs. &c)

Why look ye Master Foreigner in my own
opinion, we could very well have dispenced
with your visit altogether - However since you
are come, here's a pair of Breeches for you
that you may'nt put the Ladies to the
blush -



J. C. Smith & Co. 2

ROYAL NUPTIAL

linings.

Oh! dare be de boar, from my Country
to improve de breed. he look very well -
O he make fine breed!

linings - He may think himself
well off to get the breeches to cover his
& a bed-fellow into the bargain

A promising youth, upon my word, though rather
lank about the Thighs but good feed & warm
covering will soon put all that to rights -



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